WHAT CHOICE AT THE POLLS?

THE FRENCH PRESS—FREE BUT FEEBLE

The Reporter

November 7, 1950

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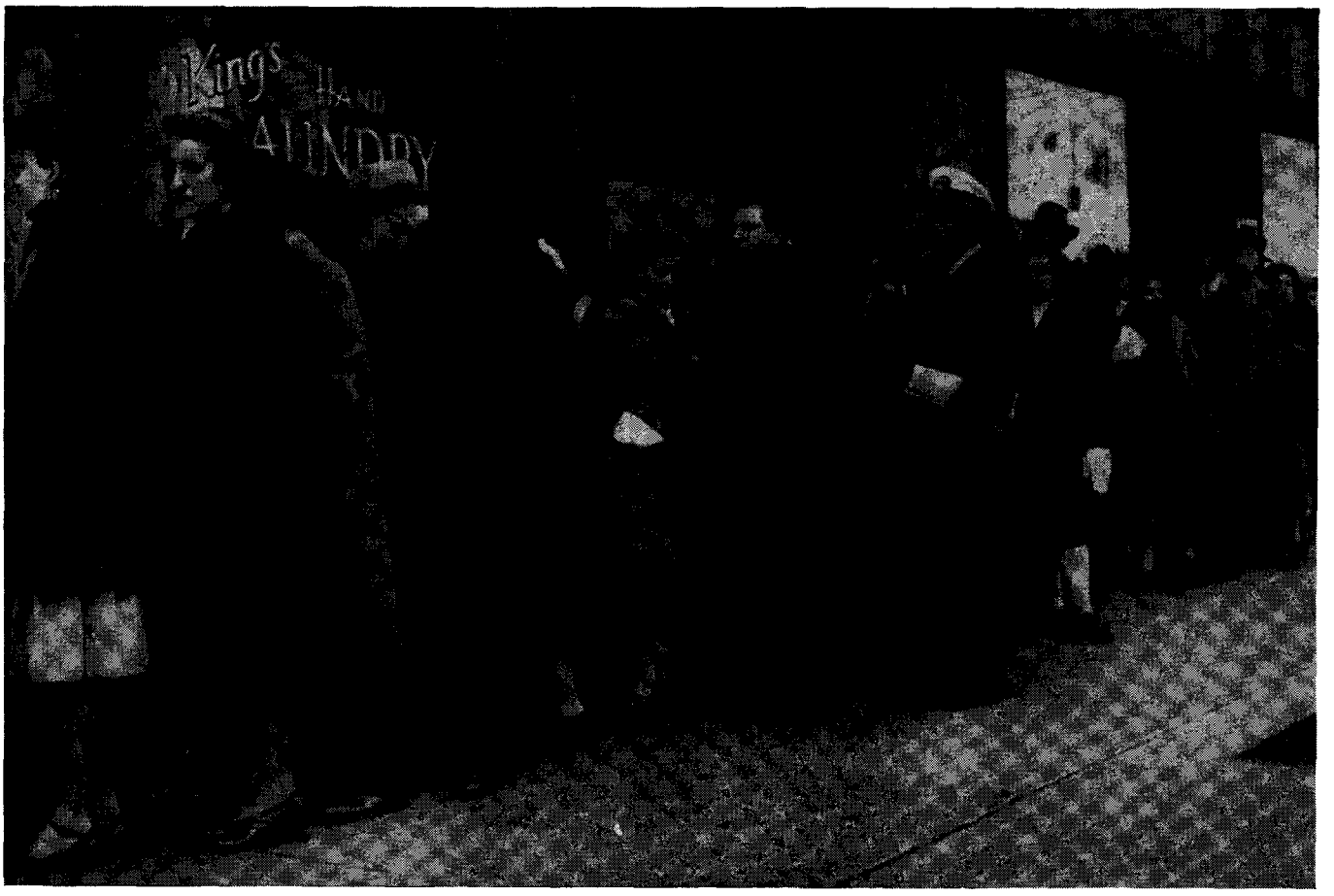

Americans at the polls in North and South

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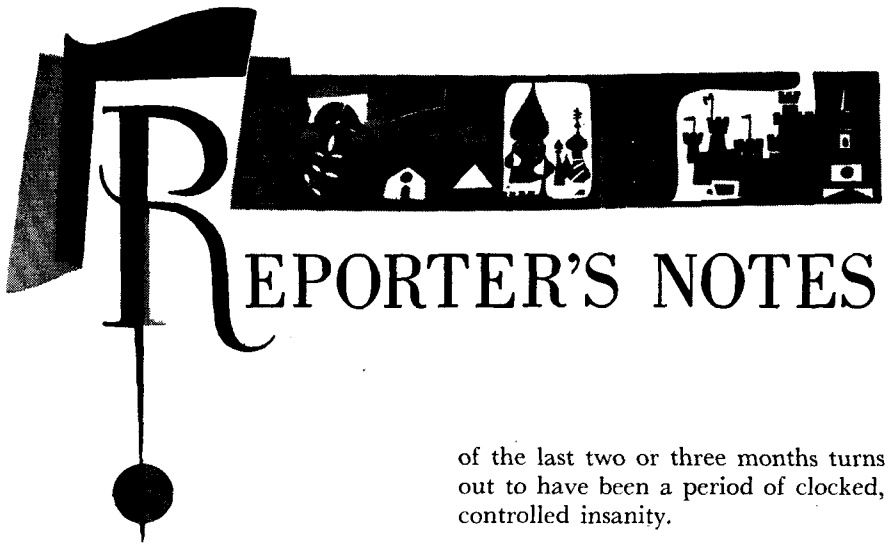

REPORTER'S NOTES

Onward to Victory

This is the season, recurrent every other year in the cycle of our national politics, when the difference between our major political parties turns into a clash of irreconcilable programs. Armageddon is in the air. One party swears that it will have no truck with Wall Street, economic royalists, and malefactors of great wealth. The other, equally truculent, bellows: "This is your last chance, citizens. The dead hand of socialism [or Communism—the two words are interchangeable] is coming down on us. If you don't vote for us, it will stifle all our energies and forever ruin our freedom."

In the New York State gubernatorial election, the Democratic candidate often called the Republican incumbent Tom ("Chase Bank") Dewey. One may wonder why Congressman Lynch should be so rabidly antagonistic toward that well-established financial institution, but certainly his opponents are equally fierce when they denounce the vast plot of underworld characters and Communist emissaries bent on depriving us of our homes and heritage.

The extraordinary thing is that all these fiery denunciations and counter-denunciations, all these exhortations to defend our threatened country, have an earnest ring. In a country that is normally characterized by a rather low degree of political pressure, every other year the men running for office and their boosters suffer such hypertension for a few weeks that they seem on the verge of a stroke. Then, when the returns are in, the blood pressure rapidly returns to normal, and the excitement of the last two or three months turns out to have been a period of clocked, controlled insanity.

The Peace Offensive

Now that the Russians are at it again, it is good for our government and all of us to put whatever proposals the Russians may advance through some clear, common-sense test. Do they want a united, democratic, peace-loving Germany? They certainly have remarkable gall, as Chancellor Adenauer pointed out, to talk about a democratic and united Germany just after the recent farcical election in their zone. We can ask them: "Can our German friends move freely in the eastern section? Can they hold meetings? Can our newspapermen, our tradesmen, our diplomats, all our people who want to see things with their own eyes, move unhampered on the other side of the Iron Curtain and see how Communism actually works?"

Essentially, in Communist Germany and everywhere else in the Communist world, the first problem is inspection—inspection of the sources of political, and not only of atomic, power. Before we can have any agreement with Russia, we must have the right of inspection. The inspectors do not necessarily have to be western government officials. They can be just private citizens who move around, take notes, and compare, just as Tocqueville did in our country over a hundred years ago.

As to the object of our inspection, one is the most important: international Communism. The Russians themselves have sensed this on several occasions, particularly in 1943, when they went through the motions of disbanding the Comintern. We cannot have real peace with Russia unless the Soviet government lets us see how international Communism works and assumes responsibility for it.

Incidentally, it would be an excellent idea if our newspaper and radio commentators would not get excited about the Russian peace offensive and give up the habit of describing it as a sporting contest. To mention only one previous instance, when Malik came back to the Security Council and started lambasting the U.S. delegation, some of our most responsible commentators jumped to the conclusion that Malik had won. At the distance of a few weeks, we can legitimately ask: Won what? According to some people, he had reduced our Ambassador Austin to a pulp. Up to the moment of this writing, Ambassador Austin, hale and hearty, is holding his own.

Let's think it over now before we tally up the score. When the Russians make a move, let's be poised and cheerful. The most important thing is to make them realize that, like our President, we are from Missouri.

The Bear and the Wasp

We heard a couple of Senators mention *The Reporter* recently—first Knowland, then McCarthy. What was said amounts to this: "You Reds! Don't you know that it has become a treasonable offense to have confidence in our government? Pay attention, we have our eyes on you now. We happen to know that the State Department has been impudent enough to send abroad a few copies of your magazine that defend its policy. The only magazines the State Department is allowed to send abroad are those that follow a foreign policy and conduct private wars of their own, and call for Acheson's resignation. According to the new Constitution, the men who run the U.S. government betray their oath of office unless they let everybody abroad know that they are traitors, or at best inept."

A thoroughly independent magazine is bound to irritate many people. We have said many a time that uncompromisingly opposed as we are to Joe Stalin, we refuse to be mesmerized by him. The same goes for our opponents on the other side. It comes natural to us to have the same attitude toward the two Joes—Stalin and McCarthy—the Bear and the Wasp.

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Correspondence

Dianetics

To the Editor: Allow me to congratulate *The Reporter* for its article on dianetics (September 26). As one of the first magazines to give dianetics a reasonably fair, detailed treatment you deserve to be praised. The first half of your review is honest and objective, but I think comment is in order on some of the more important misconceptions to be found in the second half.

My first criticism would be that the article makes use of the principle of guilt by association. Dianetics is not an "Astounding Science" except by the most literal interpretation of the word "astounding." The fact that the first public mention of dianetics appeared in *Astounding Science Fiction* is not a criticism of dianetics per se. Nor is it a criticism that dianetics attracts many who can only be called crackpots. It is only natural that any science which can do what dianetics does should attract crackpots, but this does not affect the validity of the science itself. The Dianetic Research Foundation is attempting to keep dianetics on a sober basis. I might point out further that the author apparently does not read *Astounding Science Fiction* ("love among the asteroids"), which is edited by a nuclear physicist and which publish each month a technical article usually on a scientific subject and written by a qualified scientist.

My second criticism is that dianetics is not, as you imply, a scissors-and-paste job. It simply was not developed that way. It is the product of several years of intensive experimentation. It has not been "synthesized" but developed. As a science of mental operation it naturally has points of contact with previous theory and practice. It would not be a science if it did not. The exact debt which dianetics owes to psychoanalysis and physiological psychology is one which must be studied by scholars. As a refinement of past ideas it is new, and you will not find any "sneer[s]" at hypnotists or psychoanalysis in the handbook. A statement that a scientific method has now been replaced with a better method is not usually thought of as a sneer.

The statement that Hubbard's method is exactly the one used by every psychoanalyst is not true. I have experienced enough of the first and had enough friends who have experienced the second to know that the two methods are very different. Likewise, a little further investigation will show that the directives of an auditor and the suggestions of a hypnotist are of a fundamentally different character.

I would also like to point out that a "clear" is not a "supernormal" except again in the most literal sense of that word. To be clear is not an absolute state. There are various degrees of "clearness." Some "clears" are smarter than some other "clears," just like everybody else. Nobody can ever really remove all his engrams; the mark of the "clear" is that when he finds an engram he can erase it himself without an auditor. Dianetics can raise a man's I.Q. from, say, 100 to maybe 130 (depending on the case), but an I.Q. 130 even with a total-recall memory is hardly a superman.

I would also like to ask Mr. Gerould not to despair about his own case. Low-intelligence cases are difficult, but the most difficult type of case is found among those of genius mentality. A trial of half a dozen hours does not constitute a failure.

K. A. Schuman
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Senator Knowland

To the Editor: Enclosed is the way the A.P. article covering Senator Knowland's charges re *The Reporter* was carried in the morning edition of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Particularly interesting was the headlining: Magazine Has Red Leaning . . . Reporter Is Sent to U.S. Consulates. As an example of the kind of impression it left, my father, a fair conservative, remarked to me tonight, "I see where someone has said that *The Reporter* is Communistic . . . I've been reading it and think it's pretty good."

I began my subscription to *The Reporter* in June. Since then it has become my first reading. I leave copies around the house, and other members of the family have come to enjoy it and profit by it. Thanks, especially, for the four articles on Korea in the issue of September 26, and for the James Maxwell story in the same issue. Although sniped at by the *Enquirer*, this story seemed to me to be a fair statement of the case by and large.

The Reporter is increasingly quoted by the local press. Glenn Thompson, Washington correspondent for the *Enquirer*, ran a column one day last week on the article by Kyril Kalinov.

George Weber
Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editor: I haven't received my first issue yet, but the fact that *The Reporter* has been attacked by one of our prize Senators satisfied me that subscribing to it was a sound investment.

Burt Friedman
Frankfurt, Kentucky

Proletailoring

To the Editor: I was struck by Robert K. Bingham's reference in your October 10 number to "the standard dark-blue suit—badly cut and overpadded in the shoulders—which seems to be the uniform of all Russians at the United Nations." The standardized mediocrity of Soviet tailoring once impelled a university colleague of mine, who

Contributors

Mary Ellen Leary, one of the first women to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship, is now a political writer for the San Francisco *News*. . . . Carl von der Lancken writes of the campaign in Oklahoma with the first-hand interest of a voter; he lives in Tulsa. . . . Francis P. Locke is an associate editor of the Dayton *News*. . . . Louis H. Bean wrote *How to Predict Elections*. . . . William V. Shannon, co-author with Robert S. Allen of *The Truman Merry-Go-Round*, writes frequently for *The Reporter*. . . . Norman Thomas has been the candidate of the Socialist Party for President of the United States six times. . . . Theodore Draper visited Guatemala on an assignment for this magazine . . . Margaret Parton is the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in Delhi. . . . Theodore White writes from Paris, where he is with the Overseas News Agency. . . . Alain Clément reports on Germany for *Le Monde*. . . . Harold R. Isaacs, now on a Guggenheim Fellowship, is a specialist on Far Eastern affairs. . . . Leo Rosten keeps readers of *The Reporter* regularly informed on Hollywood and its products. . . . Cover by B. Simpson; photographs from Black Star.

The Editors

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was no less a student of the sartorial arts than of political science, to remark that in the Revolution of 1917 the Bolsheviks must have executed not only the aristocrats of Russia but also the tailors.

I would suggest as a worthwhile subject of investigation for your Mr. Bingham a close study and evaluation of the unfortunate effects this shortage of competent tailors in the Soviet Union may be having on Soviet foreign policy. The acute sense of inferiority and ineptness which must overcome the Soviet diplomats when dealing with a well-turned-out gentleman such as Sir Gladwyn Jebb of the United Kingdom, whose very tone when addressing himself to one of the Soviet representatives at the United Nations seems to imply the immense contempt of one who feels that he is dealing with unmannerly ruffians who went to the wrong school, whose clothes don't fit properly, and who, in all likelihood, have egg on their ties—this acute sense of inferiority and ineptness, I say, may very well account for all that truculence and irrationality on the part of Soviet diplomats which the world has witnessed in the past few years. As simple a matter as tailoring might also have accounted for the amiable co-operation which the Russians demonstrated to the Allies during the last war and for their apparent eagerness to resume hostilities; their uniforms, it will be remembered, are fairly attractive.

RANKIN BLACKETT
Syracuse, New York

Sweet Land

To the Editor: For eighteen years the Republicans have been saying that the Democrats have deprived us of our liberty. Where do we get the gall to tell other nations that we are free? Shall we explain to them that the G.O.P. uses the Big Lie?

G. HOLAHAN
New York City

'Let Me Atom'

To the Editor: Congratulations on your criticism of our "preventive warriors" in the editorial of October 24. These "let-me-atom" boys remind me of the belligerent juvenile to be found in every schoolyard—the one who, when the conflict finally breaks out, will always be found holding some other lad's coat.

JOHN H. DWINELL
New York City

Co-ops

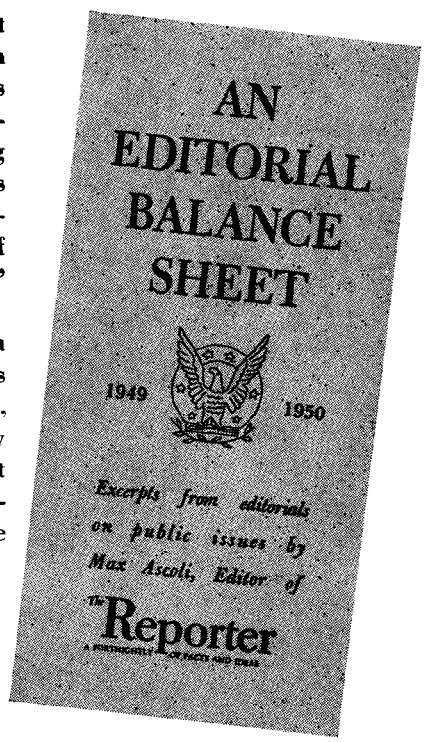
To the Editor: I want to express sincere appreciation for the article which appears in the October 10 issue of *The Reporter* entitled "The War On Co-Ops." This is one of the most objective analyses of this struggle that has yet been written. We appreciate very much what *The Reporter* has done in this instance.

JERRY VOORHIS
Executive Secretary,
The Cooperative League
Chicago

To Our Readers:

The Reporter does not think that the Communists can ever succeed in extinguishing freedom all over the world or compel men to live forever in dark servitude—as if they were bats. **"I believe,"** writes Max Ascoli, Editor and Publisher of **The Reporter, "that freedom is the propulsive power of civilization [and that it] can drive the men of our time to goals so high and so good that we can only dimly discern them."** Throughout its first year and a half of publication **The Reporter** has placed its trust in that belief. Its editorials have made clear how that faith can form the keystone of American domestic and foreign policy. That is why **The Reporter** does not weep, or wail, or even pout as it looks at our troubled world.

Max Ascoli writes: **"We are in the midst of a world civil war, launched by a remorseless enemy against all the institutions that give purpose and direction to the conduct of human affairs . . . an attack by slaves—sometimes self-made slaves—on all men who want to exert a measure of control over their own destiny."** **The Reporter** is a magazine for tough-minded optimists—for Americans: **"American democracy is the only great novelty in modern history—a novelty which we find difficult to comprehend because we are part of it. Our political evolution during the last twenty years is a phenomenon of oceanic proportions. . . . We are resetting the values and the institutions that will allow the individual—the protagonist and bearer of freedom—to live and to grow."**



The Reporter has prepared a booklet containing brief excerpts from its editorials from April, 1949 to May, 1950, which show a purposeful stand on the great issues of our times. **"An Editorial Balance Sheet"** will be sent **free** upon request.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

November 7, 1950 Volume 3, No. 10

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Editorial

Voters' Choice: Now and 1952

Come next Tuesday, November 7, millions of us Americans will be closeted for a few moments in an election booth, alone with our worries, some levers to pull down, or a ballot to mark. Bare and unadorned as it is, the booth is the seat of power where each voter exercises his highest right of citizenship, as a component of the sovereign that rules the land—the people of the United States. He is supposed to go to his seat of power not to make up his mind, but to register choices he has already made. He is sovereign there, but he is supposed to step out quickly to make room for other sovereigns, whose freedom of choice, like his own, is limited by the alternatives that the politicians offer.

This is not a preface to the usual tirade against our party system and its professional or semiprofessional operators, the practical politicians. Since it was started at the beginning of the last century, our party system has served the nation well. It has made workable the complex mechanism blueprinted by the gentlemen and scholars who met at Philadelphia in 1787, and who, incidentally, thought they had discovered the perfect faction-proof, party-proof Constitution. The party system has brought lowbrow passions and interests to fill out, and humanize, the great highbrow design. It has worked.

With only one exception—the Civil War—our system of party politics has prevented the explosion of religious or sectional or class conflicts that could have rent the nation. The relatively small difference in the programs of the two main political parties has cushioned the passage of power from one to the other. Since the end of the Civil War, the federal nature of our country, the multiplicity of our centers of government, the peculiar conditions of our regions, have made it impossible for the minority party to lose its share of patronage and hope of a comeback.

In the particular trade of the politicians, there is less social or racial snobbery than in any other trade. They see to it that the opportunity to run for public office is not denied anyone who may bring or attract votes. This has led in our time to the "balanced ticket"—a habit that is severely criticized. A balanced ticket is a sort of intraparty FEPC, designed to give representation to the major groups that can bring large blocs of voters. Perhaps there is room for something like the balanced ticket in some businesses, trade unions, colleges, and clubs.

No Politics for Export

But these are not ordinary times. Our two parties are supposed to do something more than carry through, in their own rough-and-tumble way, the principles of American democracy, with the usual accompaniment of ritualistic showmanship, outworn rhetoric, and marginal corruption. Aside from satisfying the Irish, Italians, and Jews, our political parties are supposed to provide leaders, men whom we can trust to conduct the internal and foreign affairs of our nation. Too many registered voters look at the lists of candidates, think of the moment in the election booth, and gulp.

Alarming things have been going on for quite a few years, at least since the beginning of the Second World War. During all this time the Americans who have been called to the highest representative positions at home and abroad are seldom men who have come into public life as the people's elected representatives. Rather they have come from the armed services, from business, from the legal profession, from universities. Except for the President, it is hard to think of a man in high policymaking office who has followed the career of politics. Of all our Secretaries of State since the end of the war, the only professional politician, Mr. Byrnes, was probably the least successful.

This does not mean that by and large our elected officials, particularly the men sent to Congress, are to be considered inadequate by any traditional American or other democratic standard. But certainly too many of them are not equipped to grapple with the tasks that have fallen on our nation. Nearly every summer since the end of the war, we have seen photographs and newsreels of our junketing Congressmen, their familiar features against the background of the Arc de Triomphe or wrecked

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Berlin. There is something touching about these American legislators who go around to look at things for themselves, with their homely countenances, their wide-brimmed hats, their high-topped shoes. Unfortunately, they seldom realize that because of the power they wield they represent the most decisive element in the internal life of the utterly foreign countries they visit.

Our country is spending a very large share of its resources to bolster up democracy abroad. To make our assistance effective, we send along first-class engineers, technical experts, and practical economists. The only skill of which we do not seem to have any exportable surplus is that of politics—hard-headed, democratic politics, the art of meeting the people's immediate needs and moods without ever losing sight of their long-range interests. Unless we develop the extremely delicate technique of political intervention in the countries where we want democracy to grow, our economic, technical, and military assistance may be in vain.

A New Balance

Obviously we cannot ask our Congress, the most powerful legislative body on earth, to become a parliament of kings. Nor can we ask our Senators and Representatives to dissociate themselves from the regional interests that they have been elected to safeguard. There is nothing wrong about the Southern Congressmen caring for cotton and those from the mountain states for silver. The nation's policy is constantly reached through a process of compromise, give-and-take, logrolling, among regional, occupational, or class interests. But the policy that results must be something more than the sum total or the final reconciliation of all interests and groups. The final picture of the nation that Congress offers the American people and the world has to be something more than a patched-together collection of candid-camera shots. There must be a far greater degree of unity and of purposefulness than was required when America was an isolated and somewhat incomparable power.

Now a new balance, a new equilibrium of interests is demanded. To reconcile the legitimate claims of manufacturers, cotton growers, and trade unions is not enough. The established well-being of organized groups can be swept away if lack of foresight and political skill on the part of our leaders lets the nation be ravaged by total war or runaway inflation. We need a new balance between our own sectional or group interests—our peculiarities and oddities—on one hand, and the pivotal role, world-wide in scope, that has been thrust upon us.

We have no right to be bitter about the choices our politicians give us as long as those of us who are aware of America's new condition—of the fact that American interests have become world-wide in scope—do not organize themselves into an effective political force. Politicians have the habit, and the duty, of keeping an eye on organized voting strength. They seldom promote new ideas or reforms, but they know how to heed pressures that are brought to bear on them.

There are movements now that have begun to awaken the American people to the risk that faces us and the responsibilities that accompany our power. There is, for instance, the Crusade for Freedom, led by General Clay, to rally the people of America behind a particularly worth-while project, Radio Free Europe. The cross of the crusader is a great symbol, and the leader could scarcely be a better man. Yet there is more to do than wave our swords at Stalin and send messages to the people he has enslaved. To be thoroughly effective, the work of crusading has to start at home. In every community men and women of good will must start tackling their own local problems, which do not end with civil defense and vigilance against Communism. Nowhere in the country is there a community that can avoid some dislocation in the emergency of unspecified length we are going through.

Nearly every interest in our country has its voice, its lobbies, and its means of pressure—not to mention certain overaggressive foreign interests. But there is no voice yet to represent the concern among millions of Americans with the conditions of a world that can either save itself, to a very large extent by our efforts, or carry us along in its ruin. There are large groups of citizens who can reach by themselves, without waiting for an announcement from on high, an integrated view of the interests of our nation and those of a world of which we are the essential part. This new militancy in the exercise of citizenship will not lead to uniformity of opinions or behavior. There will be room for honest differences. When the movement becomes really strong, the politicians of both parties will not fail to register its impact and to present us with better choices in 1952.

Let's vote now, the best we can, considering the lists waiting for us in the polling booths. In some states, good men are running for office, men whom Congress needs, like Lehman of New York or Tobey of New Hampshire. But the home crusade must start right away. We need new faces in our public life, just as we need to retire a few old ones: In 1952, Joseph McCarthy will run for re-election. Two years from now it must be different. Two years is time enough to do the job. —MAX ASCOLI

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Warren, Roosevelt, And Cross-Filing

It was a hot day for northern California. The crowd at the street corner was passive and undemonstrative as the candidate pulled up in a bright yellow convertible. He unfolded his long frame and clambered onto the platform of a waiting truck, where a phonograph had been blaring band music. Then he grinned, waved, and began to speak. With the grin and his first words a little ripple ran through the crowd, no more than a collective sigh, the stir each man and woman made inwardly, warming in recognition to the voice of a Roosevelt.

Since January, through the thousand-mile length of California, James Roosevelt, eldest son of the late President, has been stumping the street corners under the acacia trees and before the hot-dog stands, a curbstone candidate for governor.

Roosevelt's opponent, bluff and handsome Governor Earl Warren, has been taking it easy, standing on his two-term record. That record includes three efforts to enact a state health-insurance program, and two attempts, also thwarted, to establish a state FEPC. Warren has consistently sought expansion of unemployment insurance, in coverage and in rates. He has bettered the scale of workmen's compensation and created a state labor-conciliation service.

During the war, California saved up $400 million for a gigantic postwar public-works program, under which hospitals, prisons, mental institutions, youth-correctional camps, and schools are now being built throughout the state, in addition to $250 million in other school construction. Warren has recast California's insane asylums into a Mental Hygiene Department, added two large hospitals, and remodeled the whole state approach toward such institutional care from an emphasis on keeping patients in overcrowded custody to a progressive plan looking to maximum rehabilitation. Then, working closely with labor, he established a state disability-insurance plan by which a sum similar to unemployment insurance is paid to workers who are off the job because of illness.

The Democrats would like to have all these measures to their credit. They have been the most envious of Warren's share in creating the system of disability insurance. Not only does this permit a disabled worker to draw a weekly pay check comparable to unemployment insurance; it has been broadened so that the worker also gets eight dollars a day toward hospitalization costs when these are necessary. This system, less than a year old, gives California the first working plan of state aid with medical costs paid on the insurance principle, which the governor has championed since 1945.

There are other factors in Warren's favor. He is only the third governor in California's hundred years of statehood to serve two terms. He won national attention in 1948 as a G.O.P. Vice-Presidential candidate whose warmth contrasted with the aloof chill of New York's Governor Dewey. And although organization Republicans in California have always regarded him as an "ungrateful, irresponsible" man, no Californian believes that Washington has heard the last of Earl Warren.

The governor's record has forced his opponent into a "me-too" corner. Perhaps for this frustrating reason, Roosevelt has proved disappointingly maladroit in his own politics. He has muffed, rather than created, opportunities. And by making exaggerated grandstand speeches without any substantial program behind them, he has widened the distance between himself and a skeptical public. His mother's campaign appearance for "my boy" only won him newspaper and maga-

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zine lampooning. His cataclysmic speech proposing immediate atomic-bomb evacuation cities for millions fell flat. He has been a pleasant young man throughout the campaign, but he has never succeeded in seeming an important political figure or a genuine candidate. And, unpredictable as ever, he has had his usual difficult time retaining the loyalty of those closest to him. The most conspicuous example, of course, was Jimmy's alienating of Truman at the 1948 convention, where he worked openly for Eisenhower.

Finally, Roosevelt is bucking a somewhat typical California imponderable in trying, at forty-two and without experience in any public office, to wrest the governorship from a man of fifty-nine who has been elected to public office seven times without a defeat. That imponderable is native resentment. Thousands of California voters haven't liked a newcomer to the West, a novice in state affairs, a Democratic crown prince out of Groton, Harvard, and the White House, calculatedly using California for his own advancement. "Hitch-hiking to Washington by way of Sacramento," they put it. The state is just shaking off colonial status in its economic life. It prefers to manufacture its own products where possible, even governors.

Against this imposing array of pro-Warren factors, Jimmy has his father's name, an exciting companion battle for the U.S. Senate between two Congressmen—Republican Richard Nixon, nemesis of Alger Hiss, and handsome Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, a down-the-line Fair Dealer—and a set of statistics that might lead the uninitiated to conclude that Warren is wasting his time.

On paper, California looks Democratic. Since 1932 the state's registration of voters has given the party a large majority. Right now, Democrats outnumber Republicans by a million: 2,862,063 to 1,826,350. In national contests the state is certainly Democratic. Its vote has gone to the Democratic candidate for President each time since 1932, four times endorsing the name Roosevelt. Even in 1948, with its own governor on the G.O.P. ticket, California didn't vote Republican.

True, California had a Republican tradition before F.D.R., and its legislature is still in G.O.P. hands. But a state with California's habit of progressive thinking, its active labor leadership, its pension-conscious oldsters, and its open-minded youngsters might be expected to vote Democratic in state affairs. Another asset is four million recent arrivals, a large proportion of whom came from Southern states. Roosevelt calculates that they will feel at sea among the unknown California party names and revert to the home custom of voting the Democratic ticket, especially when it is topped with the tag of Roosevelt.

Naturally, the Democratic national organization shares this view. The unequaled population shift to California of the last decade has thrust that Pacific state into completely new political importance. It ranked second to New York when this year's census was totaled. About eight new Congressional seats are the big gain this represents to the happy politicians. Such a jump from its present twenty-three seats will hand California power it has never before wielded, for all its gold, oil, and atomic scientists. California now looks to the day when its bloc of votes will be crucial in Congress or in party conventions.

One other factor shoves the national Democratic nose into California's state politics this year to an uncommon length. The party is trying to consolidate the Western states into a solid voting bloc on which it can rely to supplant the now unreliable South. This is a definite party objective, decided upon last winter at a Western Democratic conference in San Francisco. In such a bridge to new power, California is the keystone. The most industrial, the most urban, the most labor-conscious, it is also by far the most populous. By all that is reasonable, it should be the most Democratic.

But it isn't. And that, rather than the personalities involved, is the story.

The beginnings of that story go back to a time when Earl Warren was a college student and James Roosevelt was the two-year-old first-born of an undistinguished member of the New York Legislature.

California took nonpartisanship for the twin of liberalism back in 1911. Hiram Johnson, known to most of America as California's irascible isolationist U.S. Senator between the two wars, was then California's greatest governor. He marked his greatness by a dramatic war against the "special interests" which controlled state politics in that day, particularly the Southern Pacific Railroad. When he threw the Southern Pacific out of politics, he also bolted the party bosses.

Johnson got complete nonpartisanship for all state offices actually enacted into law. He ended party, even

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in name. By referendum vote the people later reversed the trend. They were persuaded by the politicians that "the only alternative to party organization is anarchy," and they put party back. But not all the way. California's county and city offices have become nonpartisan, and some few state posts remain so. Most state offices, however, have been partisan in name, but nonpartisan in practical politics, especially during the eight-year Warren administration.

Civil service is well advanced in California. The nonpartisan character of local offices has effectively removed them from party interest. Consequently patronage is meager. The ebullient spirits of independent-minded Westerners have provoked internal political quarrels which have fragmented leadership more than in most states.

But the real key to California's topsy-turvy politics and to the curious helplessness of party in state affairs lies in one little device that Hiram Johnson bequeathed his state in the hope of getting a more democratic political system. It is cross-filing.

Cross-filing was all that Hiram Johnson salvaged of his bold effort to wipe party politics completely out of state affairs. It is a statute that permits any office seeker to file as a candidate on any—and every, if he chooses—party ticket. All he needs is a separate filing fee for each ticket, plus a separate set of sponsor friends to write themselves down as his backers. The catch is this: The candidate must get the most primary votes on the ticket of that party in which he himself is registered, or he is disqualified.

A modern counterpart of Johnson, Earl Warren has shaped that earlier governor's theory of nonpartisanship to his own political purposes. He has made it virtually his trademark.

In 1946, in the face of the state tradition against second terms, Governor Warren took his own and the Democratic nominations at the primaries, with more than three-quarters of a million total votes over his rival, with 63,000 more on the Democratic ticket alone.

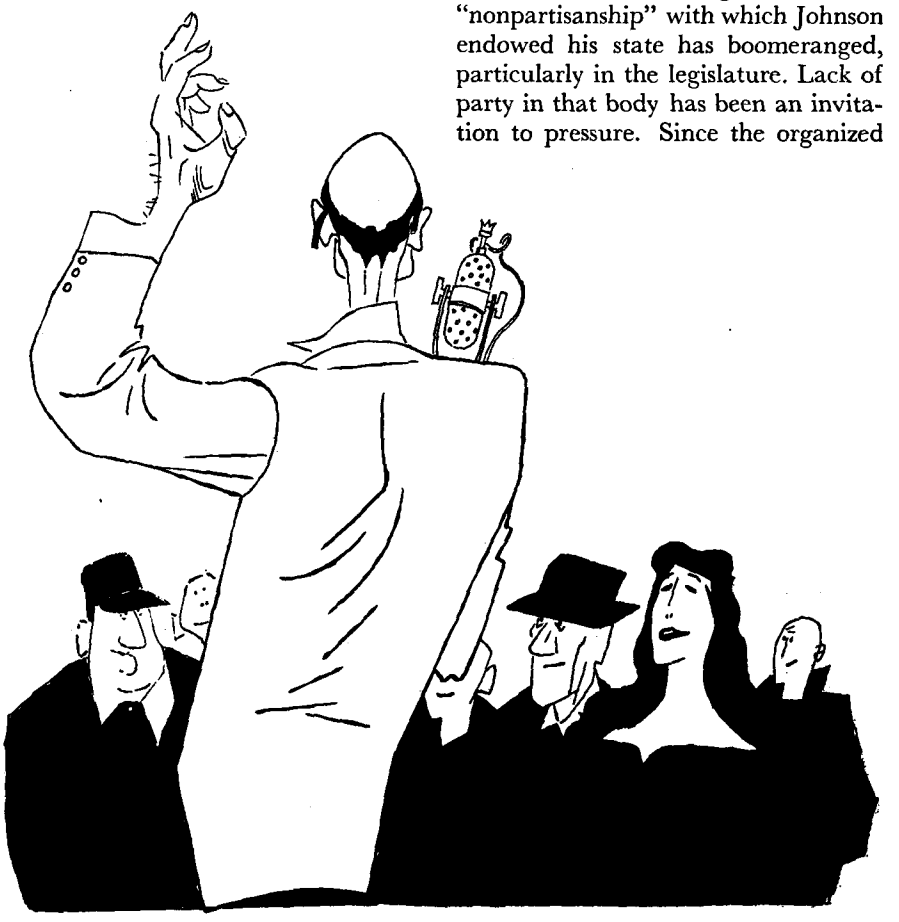
Across the Sierra, at the station-stops of those states where he campaigned for Vice-President two years ago, Warren may seem one hundred per cent Republican. At home, he has convinced many voters he belongs to everybody. Democrats fume to see him usurp as his own their favorite issues. They rue the recollection of President Truman's aside one time in passing through California's State Capitol: "You have a governor who is a good Democrat but he doesn't know it."

Last June Warren stood in both party primaries. This time he did not quite get the Democratic nod, but he did all right:

	Warren	*Roosevelt*
Republican	1,101,411	120,328
Democratic	719,468	969,433
Independent		
Progressive		3,156
	1,820,879	1,092,917

That is the simple story of how a potential Democratic margin of a million votes became a 727,962-vote primary deficit.

In the circumstances, Roosevelt's whole appeal has been partisan: Democrats should come out and be counted as Democrats when they vote for state offices, just as when they vote for President. In this, he says, he is fighting for principle, not just votes.



While Roosevelt's campaign was running its last languishing month, a group of Democratic leaders quietly began circulating an initiative petition to the legislature demanding a very simple thing: the end of cross-filing. The petition proposes that no person shall be a candidate of any political party unless he shall have been registered as an affiliate of that party for at least three months.

This is the paramount political problem in the state. There is a solid core of conviction that to get better government party must be restored, not just in the spotlighted governor's office, but in the state legislature.

The general run of Californians consider the party vacuum in their state a good thing. Popular opinion and most newspaper editorial opinion preserves the Johnsonian attitude that nonpartisan politics is clean politics. Hasn't it, they ask, given California Earl Warren, a reliable and honest administrator, through the hazardous period of extraordinary growth and through the shift from agricultural to industrial economy?

As a matter of fact, apart from the governor's office, the great boon of "nonpartisanship" with which Johnson endowed his state has boomeranged, particularly in the legislature. Lack of party in that body has been an invitation to pressure. Since the organized

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influence of party has been eliminated, the field has been left clear for other less visible, and less controllable, kinds.

Candidates for office, from the moment they declare themselves, become legitimate game for canny lobbyists who rush to them proffering help the parties can't match. Republican and Democratic headquarters can hardly muster the meanest contribution for small-fry political figures. But liquor interests supply billboards, oil interests supply a publicity office, insurance interests foot a telephone or postage bill, movie interests, naturally enough, provide audiences.

The undue power that nonpartisanship has given "special interests" in California comes about just this simply. Lacking vital, organized parties functioning the year around and bringing in replacements, the affairs of government have fallen to a considerable extent to the watchful and wealthy special interests that can afford to take the responsibility.

The great power wielded by liquor lobbyist Artie Samish, for instance, springs not from cash handouts at a legislative session but from tender year-round cultivation of legislators, from legal though discreetly hidden campaign contributions, and from helping a legislator pick up a job—or possibly a girl—now and then.

When a legislator was brought to trial recently over accepting money from a lobbyist, pension promoter George McLain, it wasn't over any hidden, little-black-bag buy-out. It was over a series of weekly retainer checks paid, Mr. McLain insisted, over a period of many years to the legislator (who drew a hung jury) to be a "public-relations consultant."

This is the reason why the term "party discipline" is, in California, practically as funny as the term "party loyalty."

Labor organizations gave the move to abolish cross-filing enthusiastic support. The energetic League of Women Voters is all set to back it. This is their looked-for reform. This is, at least for another swing of the pendulum, a means of countering the pressure politics which Johnson's reform nonpartisanship let in. This is the first step in restoring party to California, if today's reformers can sell their arguments to the people.

—Mary Ellen Leary

Preacher's Campaign In Oklahoma

The political situation in Oklahoma, where an otherwise unknown candidate whose name happened to be Will Rogers was once elected to Congress, had been spiced up this fall with a dash of old-time religion. The Rev. W. H. (Bill) Alexander, Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, is a spellbinding preacher of the fire-and-brimstone variety, whose youth (he is thirty-five) and good looks (he is six feet three inches tall and has red curly hair) make him a formidable threat to his Democratic opponent, Congressman Mike Monroney. The way Alexander's lucky number floated to the top of Oklahoma's political stew proves once again that a clean-living American boy with ingenuity and a flair for putting on ladies' hats in public can still get ahead in this country.

The son of a Missouri preacher, Alexander got his A.B. at the University of Tulsa and spent two years at the University of Chicago Seminary. Then he went west and set up shop as a full-fledged Los Angeles missionary. Before long Alexander was much in demand for officiating at weddings of Hollywood celebrities. Among others he married Roy Rogers, who was scheduled to show up in Oklahoma this fall, with his horse, to help with the campaign. At one point Alexander turned down a thousand-dollar-a-week movie contract.

The young man's career was being watched with interest by his coreligionists back in Oklahoma, where he had run up a high Hooper rating in his college days conducting a "Church of the Air" over a Tulsa station. In 1942 Alexander received a flattering offer to take over the pulpit of the First Christian Church of Oklahoma City. He was then twenty-seven and things were moving fast. He became chairman of many civic drives, was active in the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, founded "Edgemeer under the Stars"—an open-air church and music hall—conducted hundreds of weddings, and cleared around forty thousand dollars a year.

It was not until December of last year that Reverend Bill heard the voice of the Lord urging him to become a Christian Knight of politics. "After a night spent on my knees in prayer," Bill explained, "I decided to be a candidate for the U.S. Senate." The fact that powerful sections of the Democratic Party, who were looking for someone to unseat "Ole Elmer" Thomas, had joined the Lord in calling Bill gave the young candidate added confidence. Thus it was that Alexander, now running for the Senate as a Republican, began his campaign as a Democrat. "I think I am a liberal," said Alexander in his Democratic days. After courting millionaire oil man Bob Kerr, who had spent a fortune to succeed Oklahoma's Senator T. P. Gore, Alexander toured the state, visiting Democratic organizations.

A few months later, just as his campaign was beginning to gather momen-

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tum, Alexander felt the rug being pulled out from under him. Several of the practical Democratic politicians had taken a second look and were not at all convinced that Reverend Bill was the man to beat "Ole Elmer." Congressman Mike Monroney, who had gained a reputation for his work with Senator LaFollette on plans for reorganizing Congress, seemed a more likely choice. Financial support began to slip away from Alexander, and when Governor Turner showed up in Monroney's corner, the end of a budding political career appeared to be in sight.

But to Reverend Bill, parties are unimportant, merely vehicles on the road to success. If one wouldn't do the trick, perhaps another would serve. This time, instead of a night on his knees, Alexander put in a strenuous night conferring with wealthy oil barons, and emerged with the Republican nomination.

The switch was swift and thoroughgoing. Blasting away at "Fair Deal Socialism," Alexander soon declared that "The Republican Party is the only agency through which American voters can speak against the tyranny which besets us today," and maintained an equivocal silence on the controversial liquor question. "I'm an orphan on both sides of the liquor question," says Alexander with a winning smile.

The erstwhile Democrat has adopted a program which out-Republicans many Republicans. He is against all rent controls, Federal health insurance, the Brannan Plan, Federal aid to education, and FEPC. (Reverend Bill talks about "equality of races" but built a separate church for Negroes to protect his well-heeled white parishioners.) He is for the Taft-Hartley Act and General MacArthur.

Reverend Bill has worked very hard at his campaign. "I'm so tired some nights," he says, "that I can't even say my prayers. I just say, 'Lord, you know how it is,' and fall into bed."

The Lord may indeed know how it is, but He is not, unfortunately, a registered voter in the State of Oklahoma. Those who are will pass judgment November 7 on a candidate whom the Democratic State Chairman, relieved to be rid of him, described as having a "lack of any real convictions upon any governmental question."

—CARL VON DER LANCKEN

Ohio: A Big Name Or a Big Policy?

As the flood tide of world crisis sweeps past them, the independent voters of Ohio float helplessly in a political backwater. Their frustrating dilemma is: Shall they send back to the Senate a man of unusual personal gifts who, to most of them, is consistently and dangerously wrong on crucial issues; or a man whose votes might be sound enough but who lacks stature? This is the choice in the contest between Senator Robert A. Taft and Joseph T. Ferguson, four-term state auditor.

A year ago a poll of fifty Washington correspondents by *Pageant* magazine picked Ohio's Robert A. Taft as America's "best" Senator. Not too many Ohioans of moderate political views would, at that time, have disputed the rating. Taft has commonly been known as a man of great industry, intellectual acumen, integrity, and almost painful outspokenness. He seems lacking, to be sure, in warmth of personality and, perhaps, of human sentiment (if food prices are too high, Americans should "eat less"). But he is, withal, a man of honor and an awesome intellectual machine.

Accepting this estimate, Ohioans were not at first too greatly troubled by the strange answers produced by the machine. After the wheels stopped whirring, the lights flashing, and the bells clanging, the number that came up was the wrong number seven or eight times in ten. As Paul Porter put it: "Taft has the best mind in Washington until he makes it up."

It is by no means sure that the Washington press corps would vote now as it did a year ago. Last March Senator Taft began coming up with some answers so outlandish as to cause concern even to those who had excused his isolationism of the 1930's by pointing to his quasi-internationalism of the 1940's. (He still opposed the Bretton Woods agreements, arms assistance to Europe, the Point Four program, extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act, and adequate appropriations for ECA.)

At a press conference on March 22, Taft took Senator McCarthy's witch hunt for Communists in the State Department to his bosom. According to the New York *Times*, "Senator Taft . . . had personally urged the Wisconsin Senator to press his charges." He allegedly advised Senator McCarthy if one case didn't work out to bring up another. The reporters, armed with their verbatim notes, have stood their ground in the face of Taft's claim that they misquoted him.

In June, Taft said President Truman's decision to resist aggression in Korea must be supported, but was a dangerous encroachment on the war powers of Congress. This was a peculiar pep talk to a team going onto the field for a crucial game. It seemed more so when Taft, in the same speech, demanded the immediate resignation of Secretary Acheson.

In September, Taft opposed the appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of Defense. He indicated that he was dubious of Marshall's judgment, and feared Marshall would be a prisoner of his old China policy. A vote

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to confirm Marshall, Taft believed, would strengthen Acheson's program of "appeasing" the Communists.

During this period Taft had become a front-line Formosa Firster. Still basically an isolationist in respect to Europe, he became an interventionist in respect to Asia. When, not long ago, he said the country needed an Administration that could sail "a consistent course" set by the stars of "fixed principles," it seemed fair to ask by what fixed principles Taft has been steering. The McCarthy, Acheson, and Marshall episodes demolished at least one of the two central pillars of the Taft legend. If he was speaking his convictions, he could hardly be accounted "the most intelligent man in Washington." If he wasn't, he could scarcely be considered "the most sincere and nonpolitical man in Washington."

To what extent Taft's recent utterances have hurt his political chances is hard to tell. Ohio is not isolationist, yet most of the ardently internationalist Republicans one meets seem ready, for the sake of other attractions, to swallow Taft's isolationism.

This seems to be mainly a result of the focusing of the Ohio campaign on the labor issue. Emotionalism on both sides of the Taft-Hartley line tends to override considerations bearing more sharply on national security. Many who complain that Britain's Labour Government is "putting socialism ahead of England" are here putting their own social viewpoint ahead of America's international interest.

If the emotionally uncommitted voter thinks Taft is too far wrong on foreign policy, what is his alternative?

It is "Jumping Joe" Ferguson, a colorful, brassy gamecock of a man whose main political assets are a tight organization and a flair for handshaking. A Catholic, he is the father of a large and attractive family which he exploits, photographically, on Christmas cards mailed out every year by the thousands. His methods appear effective, for he has survived two state-wide Republican sweeps in his four successful campaigns for state auditor.

Ferguson's speeches are not too bad, but he seldom goes beyond the widest generalities. Some of his speeches may be written by Clarence Doyle, a former newspaperman, or by Charles West, a former New Deal Congressman, Presidential assistant, and Under Secretary of the Interior. Nothing in Ferguson's work as Ohio State auditor can be held against him except a penchant for grandstanding.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* refers to Ferguson as "Ohio's Know-Nothing Candidate," and there is a general feeling, even among those who want very much to unseat Taft, that the man who aspires to take Taft's place is of negligible intellectual attainments and has displayed no outstanding competence for dealing with national and international problems. Several stronger Democratic candidates were suggested—Governor Frank Lausche, Mayor Tom Burke of Cleveland, or Murray Lincoln, who appeared for a while as labor's candidate—but it must be remembered that Taft, one of the most widely known men in the Senate, has been campaigning, with his usual thorough-going zeal, at nearly every cross-roads in the state for more than a year; men like Lausche and Burke may have seen no profit in risking a promising political career against an almost sure thing. If Lausche, for instance, wants to go to the Senate, he can wait two years and run for the seat now held by John Bricker.

Mayor Michael V. DiSalle of Toledo and Henry M. Busch, professor of political science at Western Reserve University, both men of considerable intellect and competence, entered the Democratic primary but were beaten by Ferguson, who, for all his faults, was the one candidate with the willingness to run plus an ability to get votes.

Adding to the discomfiture of the internationally minded is the swelling of the Taft-Hartley issue beyond all proportion to its importance, and, to some degree, the unfair campaign tactics of both sides.

Ferguson has been subjected to much ridicule, his CIO-PAC supporters to some Red-baiting. On the other side, many of Taft's domestic votes, particularly on farm matters, have been misrepresented. Corny is the word for the PAC's anti-Taft comic book, which features potbellied bankers with walrus mustaches conspiring against the common man in the home of "J. Phineas Moneybags, chairman of the local Taft campaign committee."

Both sides appeal to sentiment against "outside dictation." National labor makes Taft a national issue. But so does national business. Taft's large campaign fund is by no means wholly indigenous. And those who resent labor's intrusion lose no sleep over the doctors who, under prodding from A.M.A. headquarters, send letters such as the one from an Ohio physician to a doctor in an Eastern state: "If you value your own and your family's stake in the present struggle against complete surrender to socialism, if not eventually Communism, you will, I feel sure, be glad to do your bit by sending $1 to Ben L. Tate, treasurer, Robert A. Taft Campaign Fund . . ."

Anyway, Ohio has had a remarkably heavy off-year registration. What it means few are trying to guess. Is it due to the hustling of the organizations? Does it express a new sense of civil urgency born of the Korean fighting? Does it mean the people are in a "for" mood or an "against" mood? If the latter, whose scalp are they after, Taft's or Truman's?

Be this as it may, the independent voter, disturbed by the aberrations of Taft and unimpressed by the qualifications of Ferguson, is a picture of perplexity. He can vote for Taft on the ground that the man is more important than the principle. He can vote for Ferguson on the ground that the principle is more important than the man. —FRANCIS P. LOCKE

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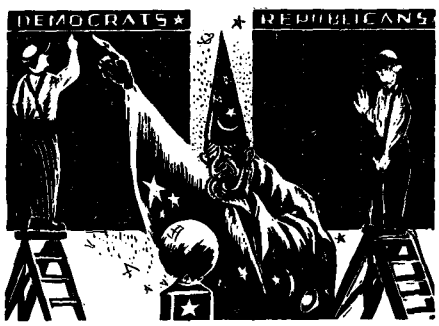
Lost: Ten Million Voters

Political apathy—reflected by a light vote—can prevent the majority of Americans from getting the kind of government they want. Statistical science has not yet found a method of predicting how many Americans will turn up at the polls this Election Day, but a study of recent elections can show us several things about the probable size of the mid-term vote and its impact on the party balance in Congress. These figures reveal two important things: First, a larger vote ordinarily means more Democrats elected to Congress. Second, there have been, in the past couple of elections, and especially in 1948, an enormous number of "lost" voters, whose presence at the polls this year could upset Republican calculations, but probably won't.

Before Korea, the general features of this year's campaign—issues, employment conditions, and price movements—promised to duplicate those of 1948. The expectation was that the Democrats might lose as many as twenty-five to thirty House and three or four Senate seats if there were the usual mid-term slump in the turnout.

In 1948, probably the most common notion was that forty-eight million votes, the number cast in 1944, would be a large total, and that thirty-four million, the number cast in 1946, would be a small one. The actual vote for President in 1948 was forty-nine million, fifteen million more than had been registered two years earlier. Those who claim that this vote was in fact light—as I do—say that it was actually short of "normal" by something like ten million.

The rise in the total vote to a peak of fifty million in 1940 was the result of the growth in population and increasing participation by eligible voters. But between 1940 and 1948, the number of eligible voters increased by more than ten million, and the 1948 vote should, I believe, have been close to fifty-nine million. This same ten-million shortage was found in the Congressional vote, which normally totals about 2.5 million less than the Presidential vote.



Between 1928 and 1948, the ups and downs in voting were faithfully reflected in the number of Democrats elected to the House. This number reached a peak of 333 in 1936 (a minimum of 218 is required for control), and from then on paralleled the mid-term dips in voting to a low point of only 188 in 1946 and back again to nearly the 1940 level with 263 in 1948.

A full turnout in 1950 would amount to about forty-eight to forty-nine million voters, or at least two million more than voted for Congressmen in 1948—a most astounding, but not impossible, total for a mid-term election. Similarly, a 1950 vote of this size would mean practically the same number of Democratic Congressmen elected in 1950 as in Presidential 1948.

The interplay between the number of votes cast, the domestic and international situations, and the results in recent elections point to two possible new factors being introduced by the Korean War: prices and isolationism.

For the effect of rising prices we must turn to the 1946 election. In that year the pre-election removal of OPA controls brought on a much sharper lift in living costs than there has been so far this year. In 1946 this rise apparently served to stabilize the Democratic position in the Farm Belt but cut down Democratic support among consumers in metropolitan areas. Its chief effect was to cause a greater reduction in the number of Democratic voters than in Republican voters.

As for the effect of isolationist sentiment, our best year of reference is 1940, when the United States was also being made acutely aware of new international commitments. In that year voters in the East and Far West shifted toward the Democrats; those in certain sections of the Midwest to the Republicans. This year, these regional differences in feeling are almost nonexistent. Isolationism may not only be a handicap to Republican candidates in such states as Ohio and Illinois, but in the Northeast internationalism may add something to the prospects of Democratic candidates like McMahon, Benton, and Bowles of Connecticut.

There are several other points about 1946 that are worth recalling. There were material shortages. There was confusion in the public mind with regard to our foreign policy, emphasized by Henry Wallace's exit from the Cabinet. There was confusion with regard to reconversion from war to peacetime activity. There was diversion among labor groups from interest in political action to concern over wage increases to meet rising living costs. And, to make the analogy with 1950 more striking, there was a growing concern over Communist infiltration into labor and political organizations. All these apparently contributed to a light vote and a smashing Republican victory.

The only tangible evidence of the way the two-party balance has been affected by Korea is a Gallup Poll showing a Republican gain of two per cent between June and early September, and the Maine election. Both indicate that if a national election had been held in early September, Democratic losses would have been a little less than normal. Whatever the military events, they are likely to mean diversion of interest from the political front. Political events are especially unpredictable this year, when efforts at confusion constitute one of the main objectives of the "outs." Experience gives no clue as to how many Democratic candidates will be hurt or helped by these confusionary charges, explanations, and countercharges, and by Mr. Barkley's tour of the critical states.

The size of the vote probably will determine the extent of Democratic mid-term losses. But if the light New York City registration is a guide, political-action groups have yet to lift political interest much above the 1946 level.

—LOUIS H. BEAN

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Joe Martin:

Study in the Negative

"It's got to be an ordinary, run-of-the-mill job to be a Congressman," Joseph W. Martin, leader of the Republican minority in the House, complained recently. "In the old days you came down here for three months of the year. You could have a private business. Nowadays being a Congressman is a career. It's a full-time job, twelve months of the year. It's not a change I care for."

Little as he cares for his job in Congress, Martin has in some ways been enormously successful at it. He has been minority leader, Speaker, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, permanent chairman of the last three Republican National Conventions, and a dark-horse candidate for either President or Vice-President in 1940, 1944, and 1948. In 1947-1948, when the Vice-Presidency was vacant and Martin was Speaker, only Truman's life hung between him and the White House.

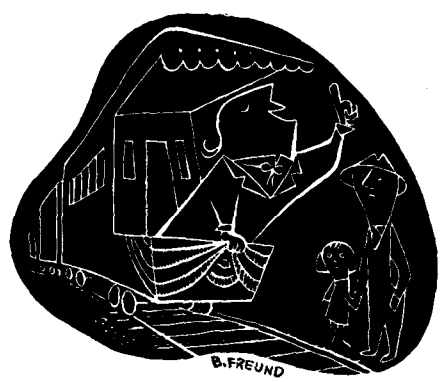
Men like Joe Martin are not uncommon high up in American politics. They have no qualifications save those possessed by Martin: unswerving party orthodoxy, a certain good-fellowship, and deadly perseverance.

There was, for example, Charles Curtis, a monosyllabic politico from Kansas. He was in Congress for thirty-four years, became Floor Leader of the Senate, and wound up as Hoover's Vice-President. Who today remembers Curtis? Yet as a peculiar phenomenon of American politics, the Joe Martins and Charles Curtises have never ceased to interest both foreign and native observers.

Henry Adams summed up the type as succinctly as anyone has ever done:

"[In Washington] The American showed himself . . . inarticulate, uncertain, distrustful of himself, still more distrustful of others, and awed by money. That the American, by temperament, worked to excess was true; work and whiskey were his stimulants; work was a form of a vice; but he never cared much for money or power after he earned them . . . He was ashamed to be amused; his mind no longer answered to the stimulus of variety; he could not face a new thought. Congress was full of such men . . . pathetic in their helplessness to do anything with power when it came to them. They know not how to amuse themselves; they could not conceive how other people were amused. Work, whiskey, and cards were life."

This breed has not changed since Adams's time. But to pinpoint these politicians thus is not the same as explaining the vitality of their appeal, especially when, as with Martin, the man lacks even the conventional whiskey-drinking and card-playing habits of the tribe. Martin is the professional politician stripped of all nonessentials, reduced to the basic equipment.



That equipment is undeviating group loyalty. Again and again Martin speaks of "the team," "the gang," "the bunch," "the fellows." If Martin has been myopic on almost every major issue for twenty years, one must look beyond him to the large stratum of American society which elects him and his Republican followers in the House with rhythmic regularity. These Republicans in the House still believe in the protective tariff, the open shop, low taxes, and the virtue of an isolated and unentangled America. For twenty years, the events of history and the tide of the election returns have submerged these beliefs. They constitute the minority view, but it is still a view.

It was teamwork that Martin cited when I asked him recently for the secret of his success in remaining his party's leader in the House since 1939. "They like me," he said. "They know I try to be fair. We've got to stick together. That's the important thing. The team that wins the ball game is the team that sticks together and keeps on fighting.

"But you can't drive them. 'You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink' is an old saying and a true one. Now you take the case of a fellow I had here a couple of years back. A certain bill came up and I told him that I was going to vote for it and so were most of the fellows, but I said: 'In your district, it might not be smart to vote for a bill like this.'

"Well, when it came to a vote I heard this fellow vote 'yea.' I thought he had made a mistake so I went back and spoke to him. 'You know,' I said, 'you can vote against this if you want to. There'll be no hard feelings.'

"And he said, 'Sure, Joe, but I'd rather stick with the crowd.' "

Martin himself represents a carefully gerrymandered district which wanders with apparent aimlessness through southeastern Massachusetts. It includes parts of four different counties and runs from the down-at-heel city of Fall River to the college town of Wellesley, a fashionable suburb west of Boston.

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Martin lives in North Attleboro, one of the thirty-one towns in his district.

Martin was born there sixty-six years ago this month. He attended the local public grammar and high schools. He did not go to college. He became a reporter and editorial writer for the North Attleboro *Evening Chronicle*. Six years later, in 1908, he bought control of the paper. Martin recalls that early in his newspaper career General Taylor, the publisher of the Boston *Globe*, "gave me some smart advice. The general said, 'Joe, people aren't interested in what's going on down in Washington or across the seas somewhere. Print local news. And as often as you can, put in the names of the folks who buy your paper."

Joe Martin followed Taylor's advice conscientiously and he prospered. A few years later, he was able to acquire the weekly *Sentinel* in the nearby town of Franklin. Martin, a scrupulously honest man who has never made a dime in politics, has nursed these two properties over the years until today he is a moderately wealthy man.

Small-town editors and local politics have a natural, almost magnetic affinity. Martin made his first move into politics in 1912, the year of the great Republican split between the standpatters and the Roosevelt Progressives. Naturally, Martin was a regular and stuck with Taft. He has been regular ever since. He was elected in 1912 to the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature. Two years later, he was promoted to the senate. Had he stayed in the legislature, Martin would undoubtedly have risen eventually to the governorship on the "escalator" principle, which traditionally operates in Republican politics in the Bay State. But after five years, Martin quit the legislature and took up a succession of party-organizational chores. He climaxed this phase of his career in the period 1922-1925, when he served as the paid, full-time executive secretary of the state committee.

The Republican Party in Massachusetts rests on the power of the three hundred small and medium-sized towns which are still largely populated by old-line Yankee stock. These Yankees take their politics with a deadly seriousness, and Joe Martin went among them establishing local committees in the few places where they did not already exist and strengthening those that did exist. It is a tribute to his quiet perseverence and nonabrasive personality that he still has a legion of friends in the town-hall and county-courthouse machines, and that the political organization he synchronized and tightened up remains as smoothly efficient as it was thirty years ago.

In 1924, Martin was elected to the House of Representatives. He has held his seat throughout the twenty-six years since that time and has never been in serious danger of defeat.

It is characteristic of Martin that he does not attempt to appear more liberal than he is. Conscious hypocrisy is not one of his failings.

A veteran Democratic politician once tried to get to the roots of Martin's political appeal. He spent a whole day outside a polling place in Martin's district one Election Day and queried various voters. One grizzled old man, obviously a manual laborer, readily announced he had voted for Martin. The

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Democrat walked down the road a piece arguing the subject with him. He pointed out why the man's economic interest should lead him to oppose Martin.

"Don't you realize that he opposed old-age pensions? Don't you know that he would vote against giving increased compensation to someone like you if you were hurt down at the mill?"

The worker granted the truth of all that. Pressed to offer some reason, he replied cryptically:

"But he's such a nice fellow."

Martin has always operated on the lowest level of politics, using that term in no derogatory sense. He eschews the politics of issues. He devotes himself to expediting a case with the Veterans Administration, sending out government pamphlets, and working for new post offices and other local improvements. He is a good "constituent's Congressman," as they say on Capitol Hill.

The same techniques explain Martin's rise to the leadership of the Republican Party in the House. He is not the intellectual mainstay of his colleagues. He has none of the wit or urbanity of the last Republican Speaker, the late Nicholas Longworth. He is not even particularly crafty or ingenious as a legislative tactician. It is simply that he has few enemies and attempts to be hospitable to all. People consider him a "nice fellow."

During his eleven years as either Republican leader or Speaker, he has committed his party to a thoroughly negative, reactionary, and obstructionist position. He voted against every New Deal bill, no matter whether it was important or unimportant. He was the backbone of the isolationist cause in the House before the Second World War. Ham Fish and others got the headlines, but it was Martin who on every issue delivered the preponderant majority of the Republican vote for isolationism. He did not waver a fraction of an inch right to the very eve of Pearl Harbor.

Since the war, he has been a most grudging supporter of the bipartisan foreign policy. He consistently struggles to hamstring ECA with amendments and starve it with meager appropriations. He has fought the mild and inadequate reciprocal-trade-agreements program bitterly. In all this, Martin has had but one motive—loyalty to his party. He is undoubtedly a conservative and an isolationist by instinct. (He is rather proud of the fact that he has been abroad only once; that was a brief trip to Hawaii years ago.) But Martin has no pathological prejudices or deep-rooted convictions on any subject. He is simply the amiable, faceless embodiment of partisanship.

The decisive test for this loyal partisan has never come. But he barely escaped it in 1948. Had Dewey, whose social ideas are possibly more up to date than those of the majority of the House Republicans, become President and begun to push for ample ECA appropriations and for public housing and other welfare measures, Martin would have had something else to be loyal to other than his present narrow and negative concept of his responsibility. Most observers are agreed that Martin would have "gone along" with his chief.

He has not been faced with that decisive challenge. It may well be that his actions as minority leader will permanently ensure that he won't have to be. For example, the Republicans had a natural campaign issue in the disasters which attended the opening of the Korean War, whether these were properly attributable to this Administration or not. Martin, however, stultified himself in advance. On January 19, he led 131 of his colleagues up the center aisle to be counted against the Korean-aid bill. The measure was defeated, 192-191, only to be rescued later. The Democratic National Committee has made reprints of this roll call by the thousands.

No charge is too ridiculous, no proposal is too hypocritical or outrageous for Martin to make with a straight face and a stolid, weary manner. In March, 1949, in the same week, he traveled to Ohio and assailed the Truman Administration as a "spendthrift government gone wild," then returned to Washington and voted for the Rankin veterans' pension bill, which would have cost two billion dollars the first year and upwards of six billion dollars a year later on.

Martin, a bachelor, lives in the Hay-Adams, a quiet but swanky residential hotel. He hates parties, but goes to a few out of a sense of duty, and always leaves early. He usually retires at nine. Like Calvin Coolidge, he sleeps easily and he likes to sleep. Unlike his Yankee predecessor, he does not take a two-hour nap after lunch, but he does hate to have his nightly rest disturbed. The story is told of the 1940 Presidential campaign when Wendell Willkie was the candidate and Martin his national chairman. Willkie, in town for a brief stay, decided one night around eleven o'clock that he would like to discuss an important matter with his national chairman. He drove to Martin's hotel, went to his room, and knocked on the door. No response. Finally, after a furious pounding had brought no sound of activity, Willkie shouted: "Joe, this is Wendell Willkie! I want to see you." From within came the determined reply: "I don't give a - - - damn who you are. Go away and let me sleep." Willkie went.

Martin arises every morning before eight and walks the two miles to the Capitol. Here he breakfasts and begins his day's routine. In the evening, around six or seven, his work done, he walks back to his apartment. As he walks down from the Hill, past the foul Negro slums, through the busy shopping district, past the rows of marble-and-granite government buildings, and into the neighborhood of Lafayette Park, Martin can reflect on little in his own or the world's affairs that gives him pleasure. Turning into the little driveway of the Hay-Adams, he can glance quickly through the trees and shrubs at the outlines of the White House gleaming in the gathering twilight. Once he had hoped to move across the park and live in the great mansion. Now there seems little chance he will ever get there. His face is lined and weary; his manner is increasingly listless. He turns and enters the genteel, half-lit darkness of the lobby.

—WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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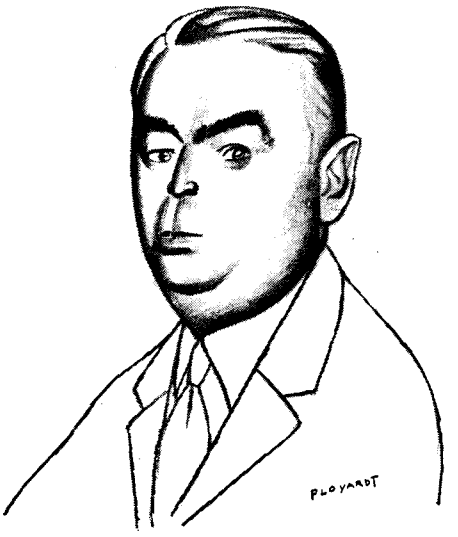
The City

O'Dwyer Left Behind



William O'Dwyer

In next week's election, voters in New York City must choose a mayor to administer a city with a budget of $1,246,382,466; a governor to administer the affairs of a state with a budget of $862,775,677, and, judging from precedent, to dream of going up from Albany to Washington; a Senator to give liberal leadership at a time when such leadership has been sorely buffeted and is of the utmost importance to our country. As I write, only one thing is sure: The next mayor of New York will be of Italian stock.

Under the New York law, the major candidates on state tickets, including those for U.S. Senator and those for mayor to fill the vacancy occasioned by O'Dwyer's resignation, had to be chosen by conventions rather than by primaries. The party bosses got to work on what they called "balanced" tickets. "Balance," for the Republicans, was bound up with the problem of drafting Dewey to run again as governor and at the same time taking care of Lieutenant Governor Hanley, to whom Dewey had committed himself. As it turned out, that meant Hanley for Senator, a post for which he has shown no particular fitness by performance or experience, and for which his age, seventy-four, should handicap him, despite his present good health. (But the American Senate is used to senility.) It was obviously good politics to choose an Italian American and Roman Catholic for mayor. It happens that Edward Corsi, the Republican candidate, has an admirable record of public service.

For the Democrats, "balance" primarily meant that one of the three important candidates should be of Jewish extraction, another Irish, and a third Italian. The Democratic leaders gave us Herbert Lehman for Senator, Congressman Walter Lynch of the Bronx for governor, and Supreme Court Justice Pecora for mayor. Ferdinand Pecora happens to be a Protestant, which is not fatal for a politician of Italian background.

It was never the intention of the authors of the city charter that the mayoralty election should come in a year when a Senator or a governor is chosen. The idea was that New York City voters should be encouraged to concentrate on city issues more or less unrelated to national and state politics. It was an idea agreeable to the leaders of the Democratic municipal machines in the five boroughs at a time when they were normally sure of New York City but doubted their success in Albany or Washington. Now times have changed. The Democratic leaders believe that the probable size of their majority in the city will redound to the benefit of their candidate for governor, a conviction supported by the consideration that O'Dwyer as Democratic candidate for mayor got 1,125,355 votes in 1945 and 1,264,600 in 1949, whereas in the last gubernatorial election in 1946, James M. Mead, Democratic candidate against Dewey, got only 850,504 votes in the city.

As everybody knows, the reason why the Democratic bosses were able to arrange a municipal election this year was that Ed Flynn of the Bronx, noblest manipulator of them all, persuaded a willing Bill O'Dwyer to resign as mayor on the promise (which Flynn somehow extorted from the President) that he should be appointed Ambassador to Mexico. The public was promptly informed by the press that the mayor could afford to give up his forty-thousand-dollar salary because of the size of his pension and, of course, ambassadorial salary and perquisites.

Thus we introduce William O'Dwyer, central figure in our story. Superficially, his career is heartening. It symbolizes the opportunity for which America stands. He is the poor immigrant lad who became famous: day laborer, barkeeper, policeman, lawyer, district attorney, judge, brigadier general, mayor, ambassador. A career like that requires more than sheer luck, even though luck has been very good to Bill O'Dwyer. Obviously O'Dwyer must have ability, and he certainly has the quality of winning friends.

There is, however, another side to the story. The ex-mayor's predilection for changing his mind worried even his friends. He alternated between publicly denouncing Tammany Hall and working cosily with it. He made a great to-do about supporting the five-cent fare on the subway and then raised it to ten. In 1949 he swore that he wouldn't run again for mayor and then, at the last moment, agreed to run. After his re-election, and after he had raised his salary and hence his pension, he began to think of resigning. Until well down into 1948, he had found it entirely possible to get along with the American Labor Party, which, in the common opinion, is Communist-dominated.

To this appraisal, those less friendly to the mayor would add that he had a bad record in filling important posts with the right men and women. A long-time employee of the Board of Education tells me that never in his experience did the district leaders have so much to say in school politics. To the Board of Education Mayor O'Dwyer

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Vincent R. Impellitteri

appointed mediocrities; to the Board of Higher Education he sent the very youthful Gene Pope, whose chief qualification consisted in being the son of Generoso Pope, who had been, prior to his recent death, a very powerful figure in Democratic politics and in the Italian-American community. Pope was a friend of Mussolini, but finally turned from him under pressure. His son has come out for Franco.

The ex-mayor also interfered, or tried to interfere, in the choice of a president for Queens College. To celebrate his resignation, he made his personal police attendant, Joseph A. Boyle, a fourth deputy police commissioner, and his chauffeur, Bernard S. Collins, a seventh deputy police commissioner. These promotions out of civil service meant that both men could count on a six-thousand-dollar pension on retirement, even if retirement came immediately upon the advent of a new mayor.

O'Dwyer, the ex-cop, had a praiseworthy regard for the police force. But there was nothing praiseworthy about his violent attack on District Attorney Miles McDonald's careful investigation of professional gambling in Brooklyn when that examination involved police. The mayor led a demonstration of the police with some six thousand uniformed men in line at the funeral of Police Captain John G. Flynn, who had committed suicide after his examination before a grand jury. Captain Flynn had left a note denying that his suicide was connected with his examination. A judicial inquiry found that the action of the jury was entirely proper. What O'Dwyer did shocked even some of his friends.

It was O'Dwyer luck that he resigned and was confirmed as Ambassador to Mexico before the McDonald inquiry brought to light the revelations of extraordinary police graft that have compelled Acting Mayor Impellitteri to initiate a drastic cleanup of the department. O'Dwyer's return to New York without subpoena was good politics, but his belated repentance cannot absolve him from responsibility for the scandals which are being uncovered in the purchase of school supplies as well as in the police department.

So far, I have been reciting facts concerning which there cannot be dispute. There have been persistent charges, as yet unsupported by proof, implicating our present ambassador, directly or indirectly, in scandals worse than those that led to Jimmy Walker's resignation in 1932. There was the scathing denunciation of O'Dwyer by a grand jury for his failure to proceed vigorously against gang murder in Brooklyn when he was district attorney. Concerning various stories linking O'Dwyer's name to that of Frank Costello, allegedly king of the gambling underworld, I sent a Senator on the Foreign Relations Committee the names of witnesses who might testify on the subject under subpoena. (They were not called.) And certain it is that during O'Dwyer's incumbency a carnival of graft and murder took place on the waterfront.

If, as I have said, these stories were not supported by full legal proof, they had behind them far more weight than the ugly gossip which malice so easily directs against men in high office. To my personal knowledge, Republican as well as Democratic leaders shied away with fright or indignation when anybody mentioned investigation. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who under the New York State Constitution has a peculiar power and duty in this field, refused to take any steps unless he was presented with complete proof before acting. He entered the picture only after Impellitteri and his new police commissioner, Thomas Murphy, had made him superfluous.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and later a majority of Senators, took a similar position in the matter of confirming O'Dwyer's appointment as Ambassador to Mexico. They were fully aware of his reputation and the politics behind his appointment. Some of them knew that the National Farm Labor Union was very curious about the apparent partnership of the ambassador-designate with his brother in a ranch in the Imperial Valley, on which, allegedly, as on most ranches in the valley, Mexican "wetback" labor was employed under shocking conditions. Some of the Senators had also been told that conditions in New York's Puerto Rican colony made it doubtful whether the Mayor of New York would be a good ambassador to a Latin-American country. O'Dwyer had indeed done and said some things in behalf of New York's Puerto Rican colony, but he had not acted on charges of police graft and brutality in the worst of the Harlem slums.

All this suggests that in New York, Albany, and Washington there is a very low standard of moral requirements for public office. Did not Congress recently prove that sad fact by the tributes which Republicans joined Democrats in paying Andrew May, who in wartime used his position as chairman of the House Military Affairs

Ferdinand Pecora

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Edward Corsi

Committee to defraud the government for the benefit of his friends and himself? He was still in prison when the eulogy was delivered.

William O'Dwyer's triumphant reelection in 1949 as mayor of New York, and his appointment and confirmation as Ambassador to Mexico, raise the question whether we should assume that any man good enough or fortunate enough to stay out of jail has the necessary moral qualifications for high office. Has the New York electorate, the President of the United States, or Congress no duty of inquiry unless presented with full legal proof of gross wrongdoing? In particular, why was that old crusader, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, so adamant in rejecting all suggestions of inquiry into the O'Dwyer administration? Is it true, as has sometimes been alleged, that there is at least a tacit understanding between the governor and certain Democratic leaders in New York City concerning a division of spoils between City Hall and Albany?

Even more serious is the problem raised by the widespread support heretofore given William O'Dwyer by leaders in the ranks of labor and among those whom we call liberal. It is true that the Liberal Party opposed him in 1949, but a large number of prominent preachers of the New Deal gospel emphatically endorsed him. Some of them were openly angered by any suggestions that further inquiry was in order. The New York Central Trades and Labor Council unseated the chosen representative of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union because he and the president of his union, David Dubinsky, were supporting Newbold Morris instead of O'Dwyer.

One explanation is that in recent years the liberal and labor forces in New York have been unable to develop any crusader who could capture the imagination as Fiorello H. LaGuardia once did. A better explanation lay in O'Dwyer's political skill in cultivating friendly relations with almost every conceivable group of any political consequence in New York City. I counted in The New York *Times* index for 1949 thirty-five special days or weeks which the mayor had obligingly proclaimed for their benefit. A few special months were throw in. One special day for 1950 was "Brand Names Day."

To the mayor's credit, he did stand for fraternity between Americans of different national origins. Moreover, he was especially diligent and vocal in support of both Israel and Ireland—nations strongly favored by millions of New Yorkers.

My father, a devout Presbyterian with a stern ethical code, was singularly tolerant in his judgment of individuals. "Well," he would say of a brother in the church, "anyhow he talks the language of Zion." O'Dwyer managed to talk well the language of the liberal and labor Zion. And to a great many liberals what he said spoke much louder than what he did or left undone. Furthermore, he was able very often to help labor get excellent settlements in wage controversies. The times were on his side. Labor was well organized, and an inflationary prosperity made it easy to grant wage increases.

The difference at this point between O'Dwyer and Walker was not a difference in the men but in the times. Walker ruled in New York at the end of the old epoch when Tammany Hall and its leaders could act as efficient brokers between the privileged classes who had most of the wealth and the masses who had most of the votes. In those days the great depression was upon us, but the concept of a welfare state had not yet been accepted as it is today even by Republican politicians. Tammany, as compared with other city machines under the Roosevelt Administrations, lost out largely because it did not like Roosevelt and refused to accept the notion that its own success depended upon its skill in helping distribute Federal money through official agencies rather than through the clubhouses.

It is reasonable to believe that O'Dwyer has a warm Irish heart. He certainly had experience with poverty. The general prosperity of America helped him, as I have said, to do something for labor and, at the same time, to raise his own salary to forty thousand dollars and to take care of his friends. His friends did not, it would appear, include the mass of public-school teachers whose demands he found himself unable to meet at the very time that he himself could not get along on his $25,000 salary with an official mansion rent free.

The O'Dwyer case does not stand alone as illustrating what is one of the many ominous signs of our time. Any sort of a welfare state, or for that matter any democratic government in times when government functions must be many, can be ruined by the corruption or incompetence of men in office. It is exceedingly disquieting that so far it has been so easy for politicians to win support with little reference to standards of high competence and honor.

—Norman Thomas

James J. Walker

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Kashmir: Vale of Discord

NEW DELHI

At this writing, it appears that India is going to be able to keep the vital part of Kashmir it now holds, and keep it permanently.

Indian troops have been in Kashmir since the fall of 1947, when the predominantly Moslem state's Hindu maharajah acceded to India, and northern Moslem tribesmen, protesting the maharajah's action, occupied much of northern and western Kashmir. In the spring of 1948, Pakistan sent troops to back up the tribesmen. Northern Kashmir is important because of its nearness to Red China and the U.S.S.R., but the southern valley region, upon which India has had a firm military and political grip since India and Pakistan agreed to a cease-fire in January, 1949, contains some of the subcontinent's richest land and supports the greater part of Kashmir's four million people.

The fact that Sir Owen Dixon, the U.N. mediator, has said that the original invasion of Kashmir by Moslem tribesmen, and the subsequent use of Pakistani troops, constituted a breach of international law has brought jubilation to India, for it is interpreted as a complete vindication of the Indian case. From now on, the Indian press implies, India can have everything its own way in Kashmir.

This does not mean, of course, that India can immediately take over the entire state, for Pakistani troops still stand on the other side of the cease-fire line. Not until a political solution is reached, as Sir Owen has suggested, can this situation be changed.

At the moment it looks as if this solution will be a long time coming. Pakistan will undoubtedly press for the plebiscite that India promised when Kashmir first acceded to India; India will probably delay the plebiscite indefinitely, or possibly reject it altogether. In any case there are serious doubts whether a plebiscite held in

the ubiquitous presence of the Indian Army and of the government controlled by the pro-Indian Moslem leader, Sheikh Abdullah, could ever be more than a farce. This is one reason why Sir Owen suggested a United Nations administration during the plebiscite—a suggestion India has rejected.

Although the charge is bitterly denied in India, it is obvious that procrastination has been and will be to India's advantage. Every day that passes without a plebiscite means that Sheikh Abdullah has had a little longer to impress on the illiterate and often fanatical Moslems of Kashmir, who constitute eighty per cent of the population, the benefits of his reforms. Every reform successfully instituted—and there have been many—means more votes for India on the day of the plebiscite, if that day ever comes.

Meanwhile, about fifty per cent of India's budget is going to national defense, and will probably continue to go there. Large cuts have had to be made in all social-welfare programs and constructive schemes. The same thing is happening in Pakistan. Kashmir still remains the enormous stumbling block in the way of the progress of both countries. How this block is to be dynamited is still obscure, despite Sir Owen's suggestions.

That no solution has so far been reached is partially due to one man, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru has an extremely complicated mind and a set of high moral principles which make him simultaneously a great man and occasionally an exceedingly stubborn one.

Basically, Nehru's foreign policy rests on the conviction that all issues, whether they seem related or not, must be considered in the light of good and evil, moral and immoral, right and wrong. His sincerity cannot be questioned, although, like many Indians, Nehru sometimes seems to exhibit a capacity for self-deception that permits expediency to become a moral value.

This is so in the case of Kashmir. To Nehru it was necessary for the Indian Army to march into both Junagadh and Hyderabad because India had a moral right to the possession of these Hindu-majority states—both of which, indeed, fit geographically and ethnically into India. The moral right of India to remain in possession of Kashmir is, he feels, an entirely different question, although if the same principle which governed the forcible accession of Junagadh and Hyderabad to India were followed, Pakistan would appear to have the better claim on Kashmir.

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Recently, many Westerners have been asking, with increasing force: If India believes that self-determination under United Nations auspices is valid for Korea, why is it not valid for Kashmir?

Nehru's answer would probably run like this: "The U.N. would not consider holding a plebiscite in Korea until the invaders were utterly defeated.

"India puts forward the identical argument in Kashmir. Pakistan is an aggressor and must withdraw its troops completely, and Sheikh Abdullah's government must have full control before a plebiscite can be held."

Such an answer would be Nehru's attempt at intellectual consistency. Actually, consistency is of little importance to him. It has long been evident that despite Nehru's reasonableness and objectivity on most questions, on the subject of Kashmir his judgments are largely based on passion and emotion. As one correspondent has observed, "Nehru loves Kashmir like a woman," which would seem to be the closest approximation to his state of mind. To some cynics this might recall the old Quaker saying: "Thee must marry for love, but thee can just as well love where money is."

According to rumors which circulated during Sir Owen's closely guarded talks with both Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, this emotionalism of Nehru's was one of the most irritating factors to the Australian jurist thoughout the discussions.

That the Kashmir question is not easy to understand I know from three years of trying at close quarters. Of one thing I am sure: If any solution is to be reached it will be necessary to go back to the beginning—even beyond the beginning on which India insists.

During the hot June of 1947, the principle of partition of India was finally accepted by the Indian National Congress after years of opposition, and the way was cleared for the creation of Pakistan and the departure of the British from India. Nothing was put in writing about the future of the 565 Indian princely states, but it was generally agreed that they would be free to opt for either country, and would, unless geography made their choice obvious, probably choose on the basis of religious majorities within each state. The final choice, however, was apparently left to the princes, and not to their people.

On August 15, 1947, when Pakistan and India came into being, riots broke out all over the Punjab; one million people died and more than ten million Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs migrated helplessly from one homeland to another.

By early October an uneasy peace had been restored. My husband and I then decided to travel through the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province of Pakistan to see how these areas of the new nations were making out. Kashmir was quiet, its decision on accession apparently postponed indefinitely, and we saw no reason to go there.

In Rawalpindi, the jumping-off point for the road which at that time was the only land route leading into Kashmir, we heard some news of which the outside world was unaware: For a month, we were told, a minor revolution had been going on in Poonch, a western district of Kashmir bordering on Pakistan. Dubious of the story, we drove up to the border on October 9, 1947 (two weeks before the tribal invasion), to see for ourselves. That evening I made the following notes on the trip:

"At Kohala there is a bridge leading from the North-West Frontier Province into Kashmir, across the River Jhelum. The bridge is guarded by Kashmir soldiers, and refugees streaming out of Poonch [in Kashmir] were crossing the river on logs and inflated goatskins. The villagers on the road told us that they had been chased from their homes, their houses had been burned, and their cattle stolen by the Dogra [Hindu] troops. They were bringing their women to safety, they said, and going back to Kashmir to fight against the maharajah's oppression.

"Behind this is the generally-rumored determination of the Hindu Maharajah of Kashmir to accede to India rather than Pakistan, although his subjects are eighty per cent Moslem, and Pakistan's equal determina-

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tion that Kashmir shall not accede to India. The story goes that the minute the maharajah announces his decision the tribesmen from the northwest will pour into Kashmir to "protect" their Moslem brethren . . . and the maharajah, knowing this, puts off the announcement from day to day.

"Meanwhile, the Moslem League of Pakistan is agitating in Poonch, the Dogra troops are trying to terrify the villagers into accepting the India decision, and the poor farmer who only wants to make a living and feed his family and worship in the mosque is fleeing in panic into the unfamiliar hills of Pakistan—where, by the way, he is not wanted."

In Peshawar, a hundred miles to the north, we ran into more rumors. Moslem tribesmen were convinced, we were told, that Kashmir's Hindu Maharajah had made a deal to accede to India; they were also convinced that Earl Louis Mountbatten, then Governor General of the dominion, had secretly redrawn the boundary in the east Punjab to give India access to a possible land route to Kashmir, and thus in effect had thrown Kashmir to India. No one, it must be pointed out, has ever been able to prove either of these reports, although they are still widely believed in Pakistan.

"Kashmir is going to India through trickery and political maneuvering," the Pir of Wana, a powerful Moslem chieftain, told us. "We tribesmen must prevent this at any cost, for Kashmir is a Moslem country, and now that the principle of partition has been accepted Kashmir obviously must belong to Moslem Pakistan."

Sir George Cunningham, an old frontier hand who was then governor of the province, was inclined to shrug off the tribal agitation over Kashmir. "If the tribesmen start moving into Kashmir," he said, "the government will stop them. Jinnah knows that the stupidest thing Pakistan could do would be to try to seize Kashmir by force."

I believed Sir George at the time, and I still believe that the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah and the other Pakistani leaders were not at first implicated in the Kashmir invasion. There is no doubt, however, that eventually they abetted it, and that even from the beginning lower-echelon officials and army officers were involved. Certainly the Pakistan government at first tried to stop the tribesmen.

Acting on a hunch, we decided to change our plans and go up to Kashmir for a brief look around. On October 16, when we arrived, the valley lay quiet under the autumnal sun and the chinar trees were scarlet around the blue lakes; everyone we met seemed far more concerned with the dwindling number of tourists than with the question of Kashmir's ultimate accession.

Four days later the tribesmen invaded the state and cut the road to Rawalpindi. For two days the affair seemed to be a minor skirmish between the invaders and the maharajah's troops. Suddenly it became serious. The tribesmen fought their way up the narrow Jhelum ravines and reached the head of the valley, burning and looting as they came. On the night of the twenty-fifth we could hear gunfire outside Srinagar, and abruptly we realized what it would mean if the tribesmen sacked the city.

On the twenty-sixth Kashmir acceded "provisionally" to India, and on the following day Indian troops began arriving at the airfield. There was no question but that thousands of people in Srinagar—Moslems and Hindus alike—were very glad to see them.

The maharajah's feudal government collapsed, and Sheikh Abdullah, his long-time opponent, took over, talking of a plebiscite to determine Kashmir's fate "within six months." Bitter fighting continued, and at the end of the year India referred the case to the United Nations. At the end of another year, 1948, when a cease-fire line was finally agreed on, India's troops held Jammu (the southernmost district, which has a Hindu majority), the Valley of Kashmir, Ladakh to the east, and a few outlying areas. Pakistani troops held the northern areas and a westernmost strip, all solidly Moslem. But the rich valley was all that really mattered to either of them.

Now, after almost three years of tedious high-level wrangling, the situation is almost back where it began, except for the cease-fire line and the presence in Kashmir of U.N. military observers.

Commenting on Sir Owen's report, one of the Indian newspapers remarked that the Anglo-American press, which, it said, had been partial to Pakistan, would now be forced to recognize India's complete moral righteousness in the Kashmir case.

It is really not that easy. It is probably partially true that many representatives of the foreign press in India and Pakistan have been sympathetic, at least in private, to the Pakistan case. They look at it this way: The principle of partition was accepted by the Indian National Congress, and India was partitioned on the basis of contiguous Moslem-majority areas; Kashmir is overwhelmingly Moslem; correspondents agree that, given a free choice, the

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people would vote on a straight religious ticket—for Pakistan.

Geographically, Kashmir seems to have closer ties to Pakistan than to India. Three of west Pakistan's main rivers rise in Kashmir, and should India retain control of the state these waters could be diverted, or at any rate reduced, at any time. Half of Kashmir's boundaries adjoin Pakistan; the only really good road from the capital runs straight to Pakistan; Kashmir's trade has heretofore all gone through Pakistani areas.

There remain also the original questions. What about the indigenous revolt started in Poonch? What about the charge, unproved but not disproved, that the maharajah and India had cooked up a deal for the accession of Kashmir to India long before the tribal invasion? What about Mountbatten's alleged complicity in this deal? And—more recently—what about India's obvious efforts to have everything its own way, should a plebiscite be held? These questions may seem fantastic to Indians, but they make other people uneasy.

The feeling boils down to this: If the people of Kashmir honestly and sincerely would rather owe allegiance to Pakistan than to India, why shouldn't they be allowed to, despite the sins of commission on either side?

But the reverse side of the coin also has its shine. There is no doubt that the fanatical invading tribesmen committed unspeakable outrages against both Moslems and Hindus in Kashmir, and that only the intervention of the Indian Army saved the valley and the beautiful city of Srinagar from devastation. Nor is there any doubt that Pakistan committed an incredibly stupid blunder in moving its army illegally and secretly into Kashmir in May, 1948, and subsequently lied about the troop movements both to India and the United Nations.

In the end, one is forced to ask: Is self-determination the ultimate good in every case? In the long run of history, which government would be to the ultimate benefit of the people of Kashmir: one that perpetuates ignorance through the zealotry of a religious state, or one that, however imperfect in practice, is nevertheless committed to tolerance and secular democracy?

—Margaret Parton

How Red Is Guatemala?

Guatemalan politics is something unique in all Latin America today. While one country after another has reverted to rather old-fashioned right-wing dictatorships, Guatemala has had a distinctly left-wing régime. In fact, a very efficient campaign in the U.S. press has even spread the impression that Guatemala practically has been run by Communists.

The importance of the Communist movement in Guatemala cannot be denied by anyone who has seen it in action on the spot or talked to its leaders. Yet the Communists have never controlled the country, though they have had a political alliance with those who did, and they now have to fight for their very existence.

How many Communists are there among the 2,800,000 Guatemalans?

For some reason, government officials from the President down have felt it necessary to pretend that there are practically no Communists in Guatemala at all. Foreign Minister Ismael González Arévalo smiled blandly and assured me that he could count the number of Guatemalan Communists on the fingers of one hand. At a recent press conference in Washington, he increased the number of hands to four.

One of the outstanding Communist leaders, Manuel Pinto Usaga, was asked to comment on a statement in the New York *Times* that Guatemala has nearly a thousand Communists. Pinto Usaga also smiled and answered that he had more than a thousand behind him—but they were only "sympathizers." Real Communists were very few, he insisted.

The difference of opinion seems to be largely a matter of classification. There are relatively few Communists in Guatemala if the qualification for admission to the ranks is defined as "the mastery of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism," as one lucky master put it to me. But then, even the largest Communist Parties in western Europe would have to be cut down by quite a few by that rigid standard. There is also the curious circumstance that there is no recognized, officially registered Communist Party in Guatemala, which often produces the naively indignant protest, "How can there be any Communists when there is no party?" If a Communist has to be a party member, then there are no Communists—or there is an underground party.

Whatever the number of Communists in Guatemala and whatever they should be called, there can be no doubt that there are enough of them to possess a virtual monopoly of the leadership of the trade-union movement. This is their base of operations, without which they would amount to little.

Until the fall of the feudal Ubico dictatorship in 1944, there were no trade unions in Guatemala. They sprang up as a direct result of the establishment of a democratic régime. The Confederación de Trabajadores de Guatemala was organized by ten unions in 1945. There was a split in

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the CTG in 1946 when the railway workers' union, Sindicado de Acción y Mejoramiento Ferrocarrilero, led most of the industrial unions into the Federación Sindical de Guatemala. The original reasons for the split were the objection of the FSG to membership in the pro-Soviet Latin-American Confederation of Labor (CTAL), the reluctance of industrial workers to link their interests with agricultural workers, and the personal rivalries of individual leaders. By now, however, these differences have largely disappeared; the FSG also belongs to the CTAL, and there are efforts afoot to merge the federations after the Presidential elections to be held this month.

The CTG claims 25,000 to 30,000 members, mostly agricultural, and the FSG claims 62,000 members, mostly industrial. (Among the latter are supposed to be 5,500 railway workers, 11,000 banana workers, 2,000 dockers, 5,000 distillery workers, 5,000 bus and taxi drivers, and 1,000 cement workers.) As the unions' own figures, of course, they need not be taken literally.

The peculiar fact is that both federations are led by Communists. The chieftain of the FSG is Pinto Usaga, a forty-two-year-old railway worker (he still puts in a few hours a week as a clerk for the railway). In private, he has an almost obsequious manner, which makes everyone speculate in which camp he will eventually end up. In public speeches, however, he can play the Communist militant with the best of them.

The head of the CTG is a sensitive-looking twenty-eight-year-old schoolteacher (he still teaches afternoons and evenings), Victor Manuel Gutiérrez. Everyone manifests a great deal of respect for Gutiérrez' brains and convictions, but Pinto Usaga leads the more important sector of organized workers.

Whatever their previous differences, Gutiérrez and Pinto Usaga are now working together harmoniously, but there is a third Communist group with which both of them differ. Ten prominent members resigned from the Partido Acción Revolucionario, the extreme left wing of the government coalition, last May on the ground that it was not leftist enough. This group seriously embarrassed the government, which had been insisting that there was no Communism in Guatemala, by putting out a paper called *Octubre*, subtitled FOR A GREAT COMMUNIST PARTY, VANGUARD OF THE WORKERS, PEASANTS, AND THE PEOPLE.

The director of *Octubre*, which was recently banned, was a young lawyer, José Manuel Fortuny, who used to be the secretary-general of the P.A.R. As such he was close to the highest government circles, and he still enjoys the intimacy of the most important government figures. The managing editor of *Octubre* was Alfredo Guerra Borges, who used to be editor of the official government organ, *Diario de Centro America*. Guerra Borges was dismissed from the government paper, and the courts suddenly discovered that Fortuny was ineligible to be one of the three members of the Junta Nacional Electoral, which has charge of the forthcoming election.

Fortuny's group would like to form an official, open Communist Party. Gutiérrez and Pinto Usaga prefer to work toward a broader united front, which they call the Partido Revolucionario Obrero de Guatemala. The difference, as Pinto Usaga admitted, is entirely tactical. The two trade-union leaders somewhat look down on Fortuny as an intellectual without mass support. They feel that an open Communist Party would merely "play into the hands of the Will Lissners," as Pinto Usaga put it, referring to the author of New York *Times* articles on Guatemala. They see no practical need for a Communist Party because the trade-union federations, especially Gutiérrez' CTG, carry out all the political functions of a Communist Party.

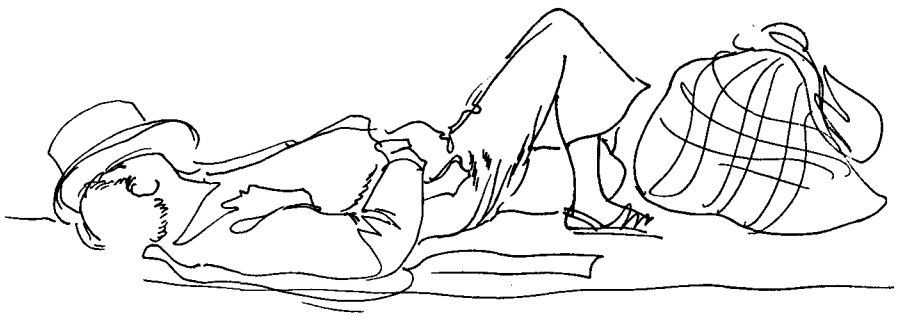
How did the Communists obtain such complete control of the Guatemalan labor movement? The answer to this and to many other questions leads back to the fall of Ubico and his successor, Ponce Vaides, in 1944.

When the dictatorship collapsed, there was a vacuum in both the political organization and the labor movement of the country. The middle-class intellectuals went into politics; the Communists moved into the trade-union field. One simple reason why the latter succeeded in taking over was the utter lack of competition. They were the only ones with a practical technique and an orientation toward workers. Not that there were more than a handful of native Communists. Both Pinto Usaga and Gutiérrez, for example, date their conversion to Communism after the modern republic was established. But there was an influx of political refugees from other Central American countries and Spain, many of them Communists with experience enough for a country much larger than Guatemala.

The other circumstance that helped the Communists was the general political climate in 1944-1945 in Guatemala and everywhere else. That is too often forgotten these days. Ubico's downfall was one of the minor repercussions of the war against fascism. The Guatemalan Communists were gladly accepted as honorable members of the democratic family. They benefited from the demonstrated prowess and prestige of the Soviet Union.

The Ubico dictatorship was actually overthrown by conservatives who had tired of the aging dictator's increasingly eccentric and outrageous behavior. The revolutionary junta which seized control in October, 1944, was composed of two soldiers and a civilian: Major Francisco Javier Arana, Captain Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, and Señor Jorge Toriello. They made a promise of free elections and they kept it to everyone's satisfaction. But the leading candidate for President turned out to be a man who was practically unknown in Guatemala, Dr. Juan José Arévalo. The peculiar conditions that brought him into power also played into the hands of the Communists.

A teacher by profession, Dr. Arévalo



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had spent all his time since 1937 in Argentine universities. Though born in Guatemala, he had even taken out Argentine citizenship. When he received a wire to come back home and run for President, and nine hundred dollars to pay his way, he was so surprised that he asked himself, "Why have they chosen a man who has never shown political aspirations?"

But this was precisely his good fortune. Personal rivalries were so intense, first-rate men so few, that a new, untainted man gave all factions a welcome way out. A group of students and teachers, who knew of his work in Argentina, thought of Dr. Arévalo. He won easily. For the first time in Guatemala's history, the nation seemed united behind a government of its own choice.

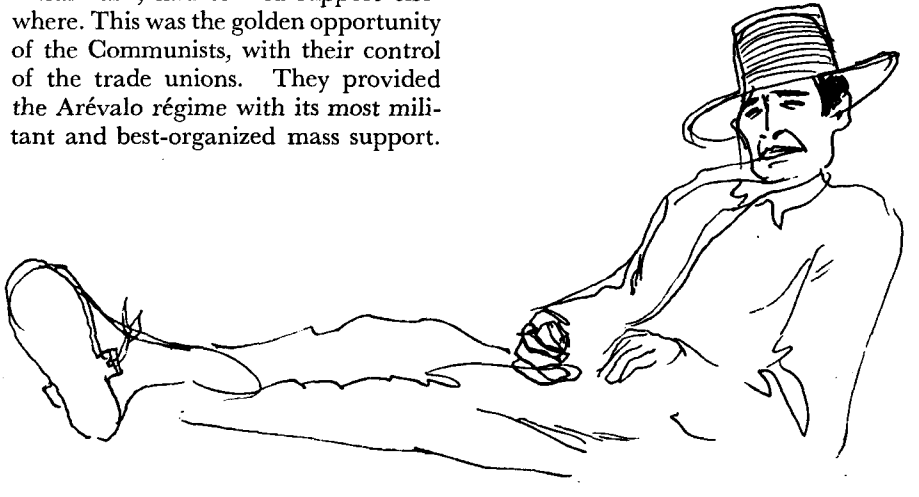
Arévalo, the unknown schoolmaster, turned out to be more than a match for the professional politicians and soldiers. He made Toriello his Finance Minister and soon ousted him without ill effect. The second triumvir, Arana, who had become head of the army, was mysteriously murdered in 1949. The third, now Colonel Arbenz, served him loyally as Minister of Defense, for which his reward was the government candidacy to succeed Arévalo in the Presidential election in November. Arévalo proved to be a master maneuverer, a consummate demagogue, and a deadly foe. He was given the job by others, but held on to it by himself.

When the old aristocratic class represented by Toriello found that it could not control Arévalo, it turned on him with resentment. A large part of the middle class was disillusioned next. Arévalo, without an independent political basis, had to find support elsewhere. This was the golden opportunity of the Communists, with their control of the trade unions. They provided the Arévalo régime with its most militant and best-organized mass support. In return the government backed the unions with a labor code and other special favors. As long as Arévalo could keep the army in line through Arbenz, he was safe, despite twenty-seven officially recognized attempts to overthrow him in the past five years, the latest and most threatening being the "minute of silence" street demonstrations last July.

The alliance with Arévalism is what made the Communists so influential in Guatemala. And a rupture of that alliance could break them, or at least put them on the defensive.

A great deal of Arévalism resembles Perónism. Arévalo did not spend his formative years in Argentina for nothing. He was only forty when he returned to Guatemala in 1944. There is the same exhibitionism, demagogy, and inflamed nationalism. Perón set the example of talking back successfully to much larger powers like Britain and the United States. But there is one important difference between Arévalo and Perón. The latter has built up his own mass support. Perón, not the Communists, controls the Argentine trade unions. Arévalo has had to make deals with the trade-union leaders, and in the process he lost the support of the middle class, which Perón never has.

The Guatemalan situation has also resembled the "Popular Fronts" of the 1930's. It should be remembered that the Popular Front took on a new lease of life in Europe during and immediately after the war. In Guatemala, it lasted longer, like an echo of the past, forgotten everywhere else. What made it possible there, too, was the existence of a common enemy. The common enemy was the people who served under and prospered from the régimes of the former dictators, Estrada Cabrera, Orellana, Ubico, and Ponce. In the present election campaign, they have rallied around the candidacy of General Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes, Ubico's Director of Highways.



A third way of looking at the Arévalo experience is through the perspective of Mexico's political evolution. Only a dozen years ago and three régimes back, under Cárdenas, the same things were being said about Mexico that are now being said about Guatemala. The burning issue in both countries has been foreign investments. Mexico went through that phase with the expropriation and nationalization of the oil industry in 1938. In Guatemala, except for coffee, everything approaching big business is owned by U.S. capital. The largest enterprise is the railway system, International Railways of Central America, valued at eighty million dollars, nominally independent but admittedly controlled by the United Fruit Company. The second is the United Fruit's approximately twenty-five-million-dollar investment in bananas. The third is the twelve-million-dollar Empresa Eléctrica de Guatemala, a subsidiary of Electric Bond and Share. These three complain bitterly of the exorbitant demands by the trade unions, backed by the government, but no one speaks of expropriation.

Arévalism, then, is a Guatemalan variety of a very common political species in poor and undeveloped countries. President Arévalo and the people around him are left-wing middle-class intellectuals. They are embittered by the poverty and illiteracy of their people, and filled with resentment against the foreign capital which has preempted a large part of the most valuable economic properties of their country. It is not surprising that they should have, at a certain stage, many points of contact with the Communists. However, experience has shown, in Mexico, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, and elsewhere, that these partnerships are rarely permanent. The cycle has already begun to work out in Guatemala too.

The turning point was the bloody week of July 19-26. When it started, with the "minute of silence," the Communist leaders reacted within twenty-

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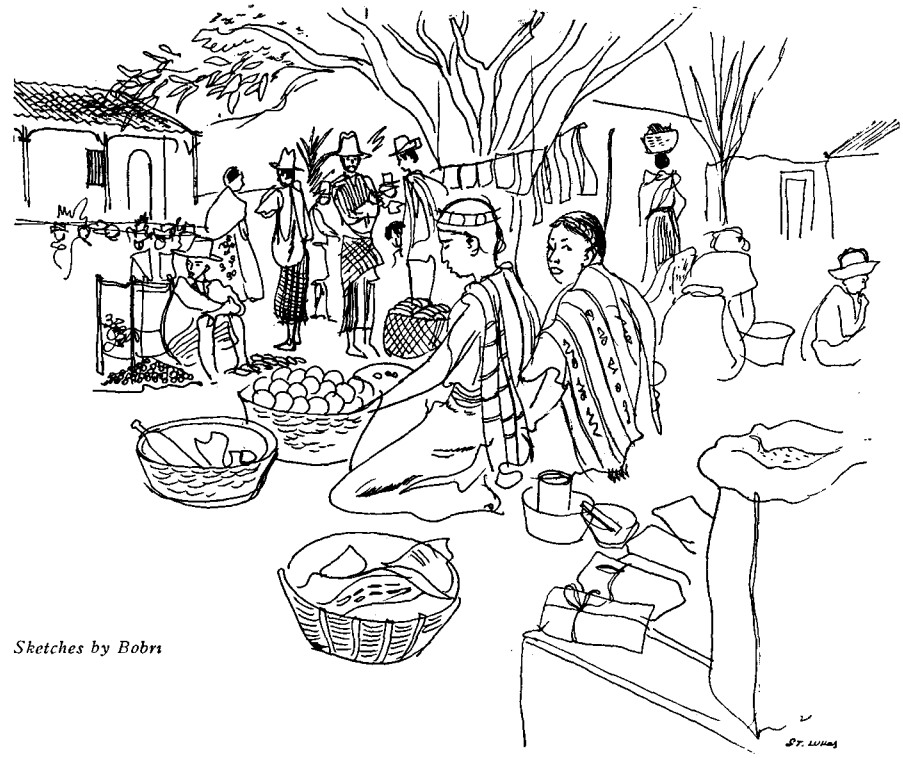
four hours. They brought out their shock troops from the trade unions and aggressively fought "to win back the streets." For three days the government held back the police and appeared more than willing to let the Communists get the credit for "defending" it. The Communist leaders seemed to have reached the height of their influence because they could openly boast that they were supplying the only force willing to fight for the Arévalo régime.

But the Communists had overreached themselves. The nation was divided as never before. The strike of the students, businessmen, and professionals was unexpectedly complete. As the bloodshed continued, the government shrank from pushing its advantage to the end. The only way President Arévalo could extricate himself from the crisis was to let the army step in and impose martial law. The government could no longer close its eyes to the fact that it had become dangerously isolated from the middle class, to which it essentially belongs, and overdependent on the Communists, who proved to be expensive allies.



Sketches by Bobri

In the midst of the Presidential campaign, something had to be done to broaden the base of the régime if the Arévalistas were to succeed in perpetuating themselves in power through the election of Colonel Arbenz. His victory would be empty if the opposition could not be reconciled to it and if another outbreak or an epidemic of political assassinations continued to haunt the next government. The time had come for the régime to show its independence of the Communists.

The Arévalo Administration has carefully chosen the ground for a showdown with its old allies. It is challenging the Communists on the issue of foreign policy. The Foreign Minister, Dr. González Arévalo, a cousin of the President and the former Ambassador to Washington, has been deliberately defying the Communists with provocative statements on the Korean War.

In a press conference at home, he declared: "World events now indicate that Guatemala must take a stand against all forms of Communist aggression, whether the aggression is cold or hot, that might threaten our form of government or the freedom of choice of the form of government of other nations." A few days later, at the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York on September 21, he condemned "the aggression perpetrated upon the Republic of Korea," supported the decision of the Security Council to resist the North Korean invasion, and objected to the "anti-democratic privilege of the veto."

After months of careful preparation, the Guatemalan Congress has approved the Rio treaty of hemispheric solidarity, which the Communists bitterly opposed, by the overwhelming vote of 56 to 2. For once the Communists were isolated. Dr. González Arévalo has even appealed for foreign investments, though last year an offer by U.S. interests to exploit Guatemala's potential oil resources on a fifty-fifty basis was not accepted.

At the same time, the Minister of Interior, Lieutenant Colonel Elfego Monzón, began cracking down. Significantly, Monzón, the army's former chief of staff, was put in the Cabinet after the July strike. He banned the Communist paper *Octubre* for reprinting articles from the foreign Communist press in violation of a section of the Constitution which prohibits political activity of "an international or foreign character." To compensate for this, however, he also banned the weekly *Acción Social-Cristiana,* which the government considers Falangist. He closed down a new Communist propaganda school. He sponsored legislation to clear up any ambiguity about the illegality of all totalitarian groups, including the Communists.

As if to prove that the Guatemalan situation cannot be nailed down with abstract formulas, however, Congress repudiated Monzón's actions and President Arévalo made the concession of shifting Monzón from Interior to Agriculture. The vote of 46 to 2 against Monzón indicated that the government's drive against both the extreme Right and extreme Left has produced strange bedfellows; that many conservatives refuse to be pleased even if the government yields to their pressure against the Communists; and that many liberals prefer to deal with the Communists without resorting to repressive measures.

On the other hand, the Arévalistas do not wish to give the Communists the opportunity to pose as the sole defenders of the social "conquests of the revolution": the labor code, the social-security system, and the freedom to organize. They are trying to force the break in such a way that it will come over the Communists' absolute loyalty to the aggressive policies of a foreign power and not over the relatively mild achievements of social reform. If anyone is to take the credit for social reform and nationalism in Guatemala,

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they intend to do so, which raises a question whether United Fruit and other hostile economic interests will become any more sympathetic.

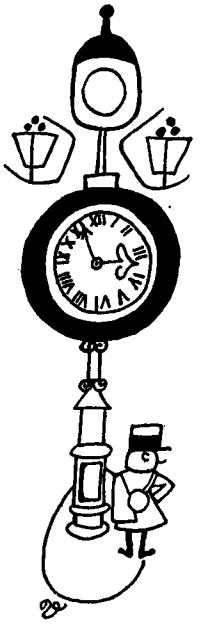
The biggest question, however, is whether Colonel Arbenz, whose election is considered a foregone conclusion, would continue Arévalo's new policy. Arbenz is a thin-lipped, close-mouthed professional soldier in his middle thirties, who has counted heavily on Communist support in his campaign. It has been a strange campaign anyway. All the resources of the government have been put at the disposal of Colonel Arbenz in the most flagrant way. The chief opposition candidate, General Ydígoras, has been afraid to come out of hiding since the July strike, and the pro-Ydígoras parties have been outlawed.

No one is really sure where Arbenz stands, because, as one Communist leader ruefully admitted to me, "The colonel is not the type that says much." Arbenz' fundamental ties are undoubtedly with the army and the Arévalista group. If they have decided to make a turn, he was in on the decision because he will have to carry it out in the next Administration. If and when Arbenz is elected, the parallel with Perónism may become even more striking, because Señora Arbenz is a young, good-looking woman with an unusual interest in politics. Most of the stories about Arbenz' pro-Communist and anti-U.S. sympathies check back to things she has said at parties.

It is too early to say whether Arévalo or Arbenz can succeed in this political maneuver. If they weaken their ties with the Communists without strengthening them elsewhere, they may fall between two stools. The refusal to admit that there were any Communists in Guatemala, followed by the unceremonious dumping of the Communists as soon as the alliance became inconvenient, has not been a pretty spectacle. There might be more cause for indignation if the Communists anywhere were more tender-hearted about getting rid of allies that have exhausted their usefulness. Meanwhile, a Guatemalan régime which attempts to separate itself from the extreme Left without surrendering to the extreme Right will continue to be a small social laboratory of absorbing interest.

—Theodore Draper

The French Press—Free but Feeble



There was no finer time in French memory than the sere, hot summer of 1944. Paris felt herself free not only of the enemy but of her own past; the fresh wind of Liberation had blown away the dishonor and shame of the Third Republic.

And because France was reborn, the press, too, was to be reborn. The rifles were still crackling in the streets of Paris, the bodies of patriots still warm on the pavement, when the journalists of the Resistance seized the press. Because they had written both freely and honestly in the teeth of the Gestapo, they were determined that the press of France—for whose freedom so many had died—would remain free and honest.

The writers of the Resistance's clandestine journals had talked for months about why the papers they had written and worked for before the war had been so thoroughly bad that the word *professionel* in French journalism usually meant a writing whore. And they planned to create something no democracy had ever known before: a press of absolute freedom. It would be free of capitalism, of bosses, of party knavery, of bribes from foreign agents—free simply to inform people as ably and eloquently as newspapermen always believe they can inform people if they are "free."

The new government of France confirmed the Resistance in its armed seizure of the press. It set up a national corporation (S.N.E.P.) in which it vested title to the presses, buildings, and assets of all journalistic enterprises that had served the Nazis. (S.N.E.P. still owns and operates sixty per cent of the physical plant of the Parisian press.) Each group of clandestine journalists whose loyalty to France and freedom had been proved during the occupation was given equal access to the facilities of the press. To each journalistic team the government lent three million francs (then sixty thousand dollars) in working capital. Each received the same ration of newsprint. Each was charged the same rate for press time in the printing plant that S.N.E.P. controlled. The trucks, newsstands, and assets of the old Hachette news distribution monopoly were seized and vested in a co-operative of all French newspapers.

The theory was simple: The essence of the democratic process was the right of the people to be fairly and truthfully informed, and the press was a public trust in the hands of the men who made it their life. Within a year after victory Paris had twenty-eight daily newspapers. By their free choice of freely written journals, ran the theory, Frenchmen would cause those they liked best to flourish and those that served France badly to wither.

Of the twenty-eight newspapers that Paris read in 1946, today only sixteen survive—twelve morning, four evening.

Of these, half a dozen tremble on the edge of bankruptcy; only five, by their solid commercial vitality and steadily climbing circulation, may be said to have been chosen by the French for sure survival.

The five great postwar successes are, in the morning field, *Le Figaro, Le Parisien Libéré,* and *L'Aurore;* and in the evening field, *Le Monde* and

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France-Soir. *Le Figaro* (circulation (430,000), a paper edited with a sharp conservative sauce, combines the widest coverage of world news with elegantly written prose and distinguished by-lines. *Le Parisien Libéré* (470,000) is indifferent to politics, with a flair for sex, scandal, and murder, made up to attract the concierge over coffee, or the stenographer on her way to work. *L'Aurore* (362,000) is in a constant state of bourgeois rage. If crops are good, *L'Aurore* praises the weather; if they are bad, it blames the government. *France-Soir* (690,000) is a shrieking, black-headlined, Americanized hussy. *Le Monde* (170,000) is its opposite—sober, reflective, Augustan.

Except for *L'Aurore*, these five successes fall into the category the French call "journals of information"—i.e., newspapers making a pretense of offering factual news reports undistorted by passion or politics. *Le Monde* comes closest of the five to American standards of objectivity; *L'Aurore* is as biased as the Chicago *Tribune*.

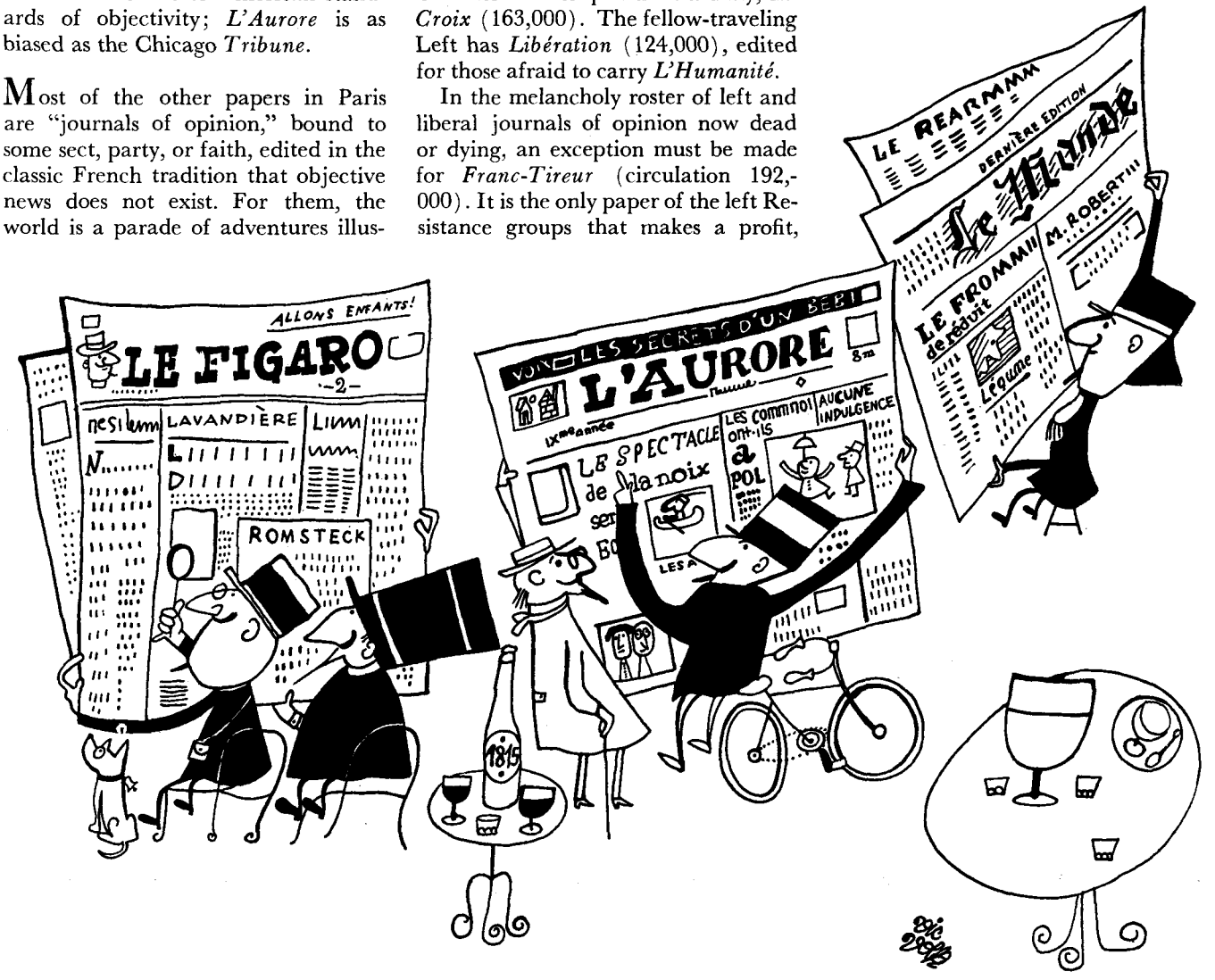
Most of the other papers in Paris are "journals of opinion," bound to some sect, party, or faith, edited in the classic French tradition that objective news does not exist. For them, the world is a parade of adventures illustrating some deep political truth of which writer and reader are already convinced. Among these journals of opinion the toll of the postwar years has been cruel. Not even the support of the three most powerful parties in France has kept their respective party organs from precipitous decline. *L'Humanité* (Communist) has fallen from a postwar high of 600,000 copies to 230,000 today; *L'Aube* (M.R.P.) from 180,000 to 37,000; *Le Populaire* (Socialist), which once offered 270,000 readers a four-page daily, is now an anemic one-sheet fish-wrapper with no function except as a notice board for Socialist Party meetings. Its circulation is 33,000. The Socialists plan to expand *Le Populaire* to a six-page daily this fall in a do-or-die effort; whether they will succeed cannot be judged until after next year's elections.

The organs of opinion are not necessarily tied to political parties. The Catholic Church publishes a daily, *La Croix* (163,000). The fellow-traveling Left has *Libération* (124,000), edited for those afraid to carry *L'Humanité*.

In the melancholy roster of left and liberal journals of opinion now dead or dying, an exception must be made for *Franc-Tireur* (circulation 192,000). It is the only paper of the left Resistance groups that makes a profit, and it may survive independent of any party. *Franc-Tireur* is a morning paper edited with great zest by a group of freewheeling Socialists who enjoy enormously their war with the Communist Party. *Franc-Tireur* has found a formula combining the revolutionary faith with a good sports page, violent crime, and occasional leg art. *Franc-Tireur* may be considered (like the major successes in French newspaperdom) to have inherited a prefabricated clientele—the anarchist, undisciplined, wild revolutionary strain of Frenchmen who trace back to the Revolution, and who have always maintained a Left free of the Communist harness.

The pattern of the press after its five-year experiment with freedom is, in its rude outline, clear:

The people have chiefly chosen newspapers for their news content, not their political views. They have chosen



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journals of information rather than opinion. The venality of prewar years, which permitted the Nazis, the Fascists, and other domestic or foreign groups to buy the support of the most powerful newspapers in Paris, is ended.

Most of the great successes are conscious heirs to natural prewar clienteles. People who call for *Le Parisien* at their newsstand get *Le Parisien Libéré,* as before the war they got *Le Petit Parisien;* today's *Figaro* has inherited the readers of the prewar *Figaro, France-Soir* of prewar *Paris-Soir.* The people who read *Le Monde* because they appreciate its urbane, honest prose are usually those who before the war bought *Le Temps,* a pompous, respected paper with a core of inner corruption.

But if the readers have restored these papers to dominant position, the old profile of the French press is only half complete. The prewar *Le Jour, Le Matin,* and other powerful papers of the classic Right have only the weakest shadows in the press of Paris today.

In their competition for the reading public's patronage, the papers have been caught in a spiral of rising costs for more pages, more paper, more stunts, more coverage. The initial shoestring financing of the Liberation newspapers proved inadequate to keep the large-scale enterprises solvent. It was, someone said, as if you took a pushcart dealer off the East Side, gave him Saks-Fifth Avenue without working capital or bank credit, and said: "Run it; it's yours."

Gradually each Resistance team has either failed or been forced to call in outside finance and old-type business management. The men who flouted the Gestapo have succumbed to the implacable logic of profit and loss. The most striking example was the collapse of the news-distribution co-operative due to mismanagement while it was under Communist control. A new co-operative of newspapers now runs another news-distribution network, but Hachette, the hated prewar monopoly, has a forty-nine per cent interest in, and effective control of it.

No French newspaper approaches the Gothic magnificence of the New York *Times,* which each day peddles more information and news-fact than all the Parisian papers put together. But in the round, out of its diversity and passionately contradictory excitement, the Parisian press gives a more complete view of the world as a whole—domestic events, letters, arts, sports, drama, foreign news—than does the New York press. In Paris each editor is excited on his own familiar wave length; each fact is refracted somewhere according to its own inner nature; no monomania of fear or hate can come so near gripping every newspaper simultaneously as in America.

The reason for the average Parisian's harsh judgment of his press is simple: No ordinary citizen buys the dozen papers a day needed for the full view. He buys, at most, two or three, and in each he finds only one fragment of the world.

On a sample morning, September 21, the news was dominated by two major events: the Acheson-Vishinsky skirmish at the opening session of the United Nations in New York, and the Marines' battle for Seoul. Let us see what various French papers published.

Most serious people start with *Figaro,* which played as top head: ADVANCED MARINE ELEMENTS THREE KILOMETERS FROM CENTER OF SEOUL. The story broke over to the back page, the war page on which *Figaro* features a New York *Times* dispatch. (The postwar appetite of French newspapers for American and British news and features is nowhere better displayed than in *Le Figaro,* which has made Walter Lippmann, Les Frères Alsop, Homer Bigart, and Anne O'Hare McCormick familiar names in Paris.) *Figaro's* No. 2 story was Acheson's call to the United Nations for a permanent police force. It got four times as much space as Vishinsky's counter proposal for "disarmament."

Three lesser *Figaro* stories told more about the general climate and practice of French journalism than did the big heads. The first story was an *enquête* —a serial investigation—into the life of Parisian musicians. These serial stories, which Parisian papers favor for handling basic background development, are at their best showcases for the finest French reporting—pictorial, factual, literary, serious. The second story was a short piece on Hong Kong, as the center of Red espionage in Asia. This was bad, as reporting on the Orient is in almost all French papers except *Le Monde.* The third story was an analysis of *Figaro's* recent poll of France's mayors to find how many favored ending the present proportional-representation system (the great majority of those answering wanted to return to the prewar system of direct election). Such imaginative, expensive, and important projects help explain *Figaro's* commanding prestige.

Next let us take *Combat* (circulation 75,000), house organ of the intellectuals. The Acheson speech got the headlines, but Vishinsky got more space (proportionately) than in *Figaro,* and there was a story on Moscow's broadcast of the previous night. The diversionary South Korean Marine landing on the east coast of Korea was front-page news in *Combat,* too.

Combat's nuclear circulation consists, I believe, not of those who read it for its news brevities but for its excellent weekly pages on aviation, books, economics, education, and other specialities.

Le Parisien Libéré, which more people read than any other paper that morning, gave first place to AMERICANS AT THE GATES OF SEOUL, failed to mention the U.N. opening on the front page, but did find space for one hatchet murder (she killed him after

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getting him drunk on four quarts of wine); the unsolved mystery of La Belle Hélène's mutilated corpse; the hotel clerk who had stolen two million francs from guests; and the story of a sixty-year-old janitress who sent, as her own likeness, pictures of her luscious niece to soldiers in Indo-China to cozen them of their money.

L'Humanité gave top place to a head crying VISHINSKY PROPOSES A PROGRAM OF PEACE TO THE UNITED NATIONS. The main front-page picture was a retouched photograph of naked Korean prisoners holding up their hands before American tanks. On the third page Acheson's speech was given as:

MONSTROUS DIATRIBE OF ACHESON

"At the beginning of yesterday's session, Acheson pronounced one of the most cynical diatribes ever heard since Hitler. Dropping the mask of hypocrisy, he . . ." etc.

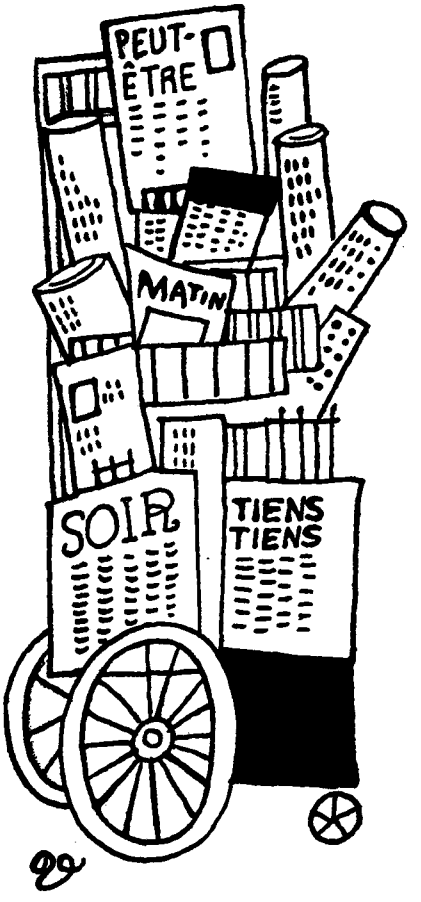
Everyone in Paris interested in politics reads *L'Humanité,* because *L'Humanité* is the bulletin board of the Communist Party. What *L'Humanité* says today will be repeated as gospel in a thousand working-class bistros in France later this week; the orders it publishes will be political fact, or bloody riot, in a few months.

L'Humanité is an ugly paper to read. Part of this ugliness is due to its style. The clumsy rhetoric with which Stalin, in his newspaper days, so nauseated the old Bolshevik revolutionaries has now become, for orthodox Communists, all over the world, the classic literary style. Very rarely, Pierre Courtade may sharpen an original phrase or feather a new shaft; but everything else is written with the infinite, unimaginative repetition of the clichés that were old when Stalin put them in *Pravda* in 1912.

Le Monde and *France-Soir,* the two great afternoon papers, span the extremes. *Le Monde* has an indefinable cachet—it appears above the battle, it is thoughtful. If any French newspaper can bear comparison with the *Times* of London, it is *Le Monde,* which has succeeded in combining dignity with the qualities of a good "news" newspaper. Its political reporting on the Assembly is excellent; so is its financial page, and its foreign news is the best in the capital. On September 22, the lead front-page story was the struggle between American and French theses on Atlantic defense. On an inside page, under precisely equal heads, with almost equal space, were the Acheson and Vishinsky counterproposals at the U.N. The *enquêtes* of *Le Monde* have probably more permanent value than those of any other French newspaper; on this day it began a series on the relations of Church and State in the Fourth Republic.

If *Le Monde* is an institution, *France-Soir* is a man—tiny, sharp Pierre Lazareff, who was, before the war, the hottest thing in French journalism. He is, indeed, one of the few top names in prewar French journalism to survive with a thoroughly clean record. (Lazareff fled France during the occupation, and worked for the OWI during the war years.)

France-Soir sells more copies than any other paper in France on the impact of its front and back pages. September 21's front page carried a six-column head: BATTLE IN SEOUL; TWO COLUMNS MARCH TO CENTER OF THE CITY. A daily gossip column runs on the front page, as does a daily human-interest story. (That day's was: WE



DECIDED TO DIE TOGETHER. A young woman strangled at Croissy-sur-Seine. The killer, returned from Indo-China, tried to kill himself.) The back page of *France-Soir* is perhaps the biggest circulation holder in France. One column is given to a "real life" comic-strip episode called CRIME DOES NOT PAY. The right-hand column is the women's column. The central spread is usually the *enquête,* of which the most exciting recently was the voyage of *France-Soir's* special correspondent through Russia.

Such are the newspapers of Paris. A stranger reading them—and particularly an American—must remember always that these newspapers are written out of their own tradition, a tradition sharply divergent from the American. In the French tradition, the reader is always on his own, forewarned that what he is reading is a mixture of opinion and fact that he must adjust himself.

To some Americans, all French stories seem a sickening jungle of editorial opinion twined about rambling fact. The French reporter is not the court scribe but the judge; he gives his verdict along with the facts, and in French journalism the facts are subject to strange and powerful philosophical laws that only Frenchmen understand.

By simple American standards of accuracy, French papers measure low. As I put this story in the mail, *L'Aube,* the organ of the Catholic Republicans, reported that Paul Hoffman had been replaced as chief of ECA by William Foster, former chief of the U.S. Communist Party! Obviously somebody violated the principle posted in the city room of one of the Paris dailies: "When in doubt, be vague."

It is against the tradition of personalized journalism that one of the great changes of the postwar French press rings loudest. Down to the very outbreak of the Second World War, France's journals were dominated by men who sparked ideas and phrases and fertilized not only political but intellectual life. Clemenceau and Jaurès made themselves into political powers chiefly by their eloquence and wisdom; de Kerilis, even Tardieu of a later day, were lesser men but still worth quoting and repeating. Today —except for François Mauriac of

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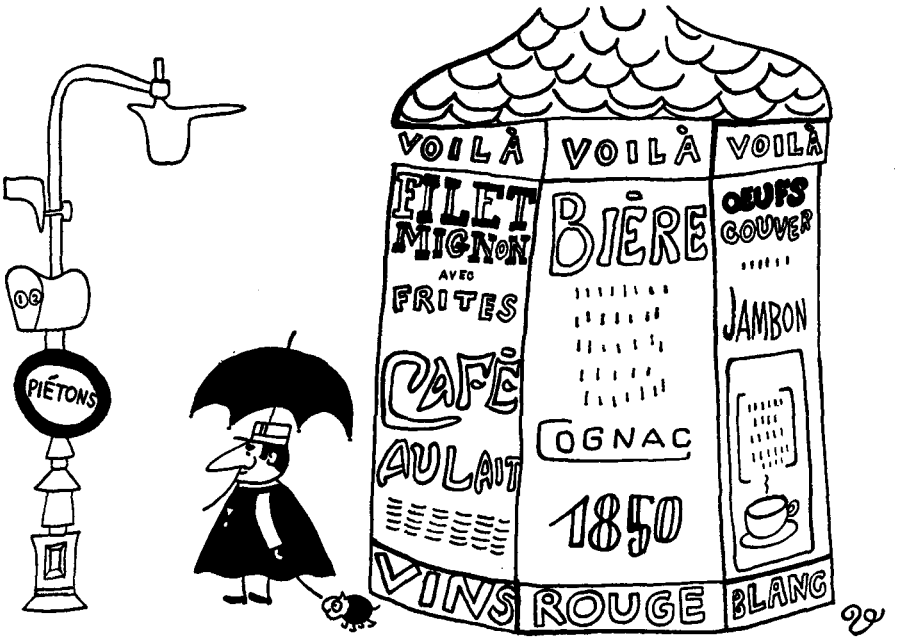


Figaro—French journalism is no longer a stage for great names. Geneviève Tabouis, a prewar big name, still reporting diligently and writing furiously, is only a faint echo of her former self; Walter Lippmann commands more attention.

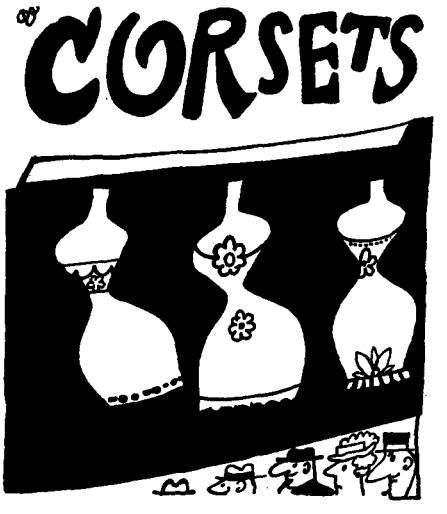
No observer of the French press fails to be aware of a paradox. France today reads the most honest press it has ever known. No foreign embassy can "buy" space to undermine the national will; no Cabinet Minister can buy support with taxpayers' money. The Comité des Forges, Comité des Houillères, the wool people, and all of the other French trusts no longer keep a hold on news and opinion.

And yet—on this all agree—the influence of the French press on national life has never been lower. Whereas forty years ago, a Clemenceau or a Jaurès might, with his pen, destroy a Minister, whereas twenty years ago an organized campaign by *Le Journal, Paris-Soir,* or *Le Matin* could tumble a Government—today the press can howl like a dog at midnight and few will heed.

The explanations are many. That of Pierre Lazareff of *France-Soir* is brief and interesting. The low repute of the press, he says, is the result of defeat and occupation. The Germans told the French that their press had lied to them and had been corrupt; and the clandestine journals of the Resistance told the French their press had lied to them and been corrupt. The French ended by believing both, putting little trust in any newspaper.

The simple fact of France's altered power status in the world also depresses French journalism. Power makes anyone's words wondrously interesting, and thirty years ago a French journalist spoke and influenced men who commanded the world's greatest army. Today the important stories originate from Washington, London, New York, Moscow, or the Orient. Frenchmen merely comment.

The newspapers of the revolutionary Resistance had addressed men in a state of excitement and enthusiasm who felt that tomorrow their dreams would begin to take substance. The newspapers shaped, influenced, and led groups because they were part of them. When the revolutionary majority that existed in France in 1945 and 1948 split along the Stalinist line of cleavage, the dreams ended. Old France, prewar France, began to take shape again.



Those papers that addressed themselves to prewar clienteles (*Figaro, Parisien Libéré, France-Soir*) took solid root, though their circulations never approached those of prewar days. The papers of the Left, aimed at the excited new participants in French life, crumbled as their audience ceased to care. Among them today, only *Humanité* (once 600,000) sells over 200,000. *Combat*—under Albert Camus' and Claude Bourdet's leadership the most brilliant journalistic offspring of the Resistance—has been taken over by businessmen called in originally to help with its financing. Only *Franc-Tireur* has a hope of surviving without party subsidy or business control.

The comparison of press-circulation figures with prewar figures is particularly revealing. Before the war, the newspapers of Paris blanketed all France, selling 6,000,000 copies a day; the provincial press in its entirety sold 5,000,000. Today the Parisian press sells only 2,900,000 copies and the provincial papers 6,200,000. The total decline in circulation is not as important as its changed distribution. The local papers, dominated by agency news and features purchased from large syndicates, have scarcely a single imposing personality; they succeed on commercial terms because they are good mediums for regional advertising and regional news notes.

A certain withdrawal by Frenchmen from the great forum of events is the climate of all French politics today. And the cynical popular apathy summed up in the endlessly repeated *je m'en fous* weighs not only on the press but on the world of letters, art, stage, and music as well, on any endeavor where human spirit tries to kindle fellow spirit.

Only occasionally are the French stirred. The editors of *France-Soir* keep a record of what has caused circulation jumps above normal. The coincidence of the fall of a French Cabinet with the Korean War boosted average sales by 54,000. But the death in an airplane accident of Marcel Cerdan, the French middleweight champion, shot circulation up by 156,000.

—Theodore H. White

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Why Are the Western Germans Reluctant to Rearm?

In Germany, possibly more than in any other European country, each day that dawns brings with it a fresh and convincing demonstration of the following truth: that any realistic European policy must be anti-Communist, but that no realistic policy can be based on anti-Communism alone.

German newspapers today give a slight idea of their readers' immense uncertainty. Most of the time, the German press, in a debauch of self-indulgent casuistry, is wholly engaged in raising objections to, or bargaining about, remilitarization. It is less interested in expressing the real anxiety of the German masses than in providing a forum for the pedantic and basically futile speculations and arguments of narrowly specialized political theorists. Even in such reputedly serious papers as *Zeit* (Hamburg), *Christ und Welt* (Stuttgart), *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (Frankfurt), and *Gegenwart* (Freiburg) there is a tone of unreal formalism that reminds one of the decadence of the late Alexandrians. The disputants want the Wehrmacht's lost virginity restored through the reconsideration of Allied war-trial decisions, or they insist that the Adenauer Government acquire what they call "integral" sovereignty, or they play a game of quotations showing how the Allies contradict themselves.

Even when such intellectual performances are not wholly insincere, they still are not geared to reality. No solemn recantation of the charges brought by the Allies would restore three million missing to the comradeship of the Wehrmacht, or permit those armies to parade again which were lost in the service of a cause that must remain absurd even were the Allies to say now that it was not criminal.

The German aspiration to "sover-

eignty" has a precise meaning only for a few old-fashioned nineteenth-century political thinkers for whom a nation still is defined in terms of its prestige abroad—or for a certain number of industrialists who want a free hand to do what they like in their factories. The ordinary German says simply: "This is an occupied country, and the only rights we have are those granted us by the occupying powers . . . that's all there is to it." This does not mean that the ordinary German feels that the Bonn Government is "collaborating"; still less does it imply the existence of a resistance movement; it is simply that the ordinary German—unlike his leaders—sees no need to cover real relationships between real forces with any vainglorious tissue of sophistry. Whether Germany is at present a sovereign nation or not is to him of slight importance, for he believes there will always be a Germany come what may.

But what about a Russian invasion? No German is unaware of what that would mean in horror and suffering. And yet the overwhelming majority of Germans persist in proclaiming an anti-militarism so violent as to be almost anarchist. "*Ohne mich*"—"Include me out"—is the slogan of this new conformism. Needless to say, here is no sudden conversion to nonviolence. The Germans are not acting on principle; they have not become conscientious objectors or Jehovah's Witnesses; they have not meditated upon the life of Gandhi. They are moved entirely by panic and the instinct of self-preservation. Meanwhile the Red Army is close at hand. "Is that so?" the German says. "What can I do about it?" "That's where I came in," the German says, "but not twice." Years of goose-stepping in and out of barracks, bitter months on the Russian front, more years as prisoner of war make the German veteran vomit at the mere mention of the "glorious uncertainties" of the military game. The old Teutonic belief that war can be "fresh and joyful" crumbled on the Russian steppes, melted in the braziers of German cities.

A people can fight without a passionate love for war. It is evident that the Germans dare not admit, even to themselves, that they have special reasons for their anti-militarism now that they are called upon to "join up" again. The fact is that the Germans know what two hundred Russian divisions could do on a front of four hundred-odd miles. Past experience has made them connoisseurs in the matter. That is why they now are so wholeheartedly attached to the more pacific of democracy's virtues. They have had their fill of lost causes.

It is this haunting fear that Kurt Schumacher and the Social Democrats expressed when they proposed—with considerable optimism and total disregard of the possible—that Germany's

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first line of defense must be along the Vistula and the Niemen rather than on the Elbe or the Rhine. Then everything would be fine. Meanwhile, however, the attitude of the Social Democrats toward rearmament—an immediate and practical matter—has been inconsistent and shifting. Six months ago, German participation in the defense of the West, they said, should consist solely in a "maximum of social progress." This summer, at the Strasbourg meetings, Carlo Schmid's answer to Churchill's proposals was that there can be no European Army until there is a European Government. At Bonn, on August 25, Dr. Schumacher advocated the eventual rearming of Germany, but only within the framework of massive Allied strength concentrated along the line of the East German border.

It is true that the stand taken by the Social Democrats has changed month by month, and so has German public opinion, but it is also true that the party has followed the general line laid down by Schumacher, whose main effort has been to convince the German people that the cause of national unity is linked indissolubly to the cause of democratic freedom.

In 1848, a German patriot was automatically a republican. A few years later, Bismarck showed that Germany could throw the republican ideal into the trash heap and still be great. For the next seventy years, every conceivable type of reactionary exploited patriotism as a monopoly for his own ends. The logical heir was Hitler. Schumacher's originality consists in believing that the time has come to turn back the flow of this historical fatalism and bring democracy back into the current of German history.

That is the background for the present talk of a "war of liberation" and a "democratic crusade." Democracy has been sickly; democracy has been humiliated — now democracy must march militantly ahead and conquer. Schumacher thinks that it is democracy's turn to be imperialist.

Schumacher's epic optimism is wholly based on a hypothesis that millions of Germans refuse to take seriously: that the democratic nations are capable of carrying the war into Russia without first of all being badly beaten and forced to retreat.

The Germans' belief that their country would be invaded as an inevitable—and almost semantic—preliminary to liberation is at the base of all "neutralism." Three men—Ulrich Noack, Günther Gerecke, and Martin Niemöller—are its principal exponents. It is significant that all three are Protestants and conservatives. They are especially conservative in that they believe that the protection of Germany's "biological substance" (the term, paradoxically, is Schumacher's) has priority over any other consideration.

Professor Noack was the man who founded the "Nauheim Circle." Last year he organized a neutralist congress at Neuwied, on the right bank of the Rhine. It rapidly degenerated into an assembly of pro-Soviet "partisans of peace." To this unfortunate meeting of minds, the East Zone sent Georg Hantke, Minister of Foreign Trade of the Berlin People's Republic, together with Communist radio reporters and various other notables. The West merely sent policemen to break up the meeting. In such circumstances what can a "mediator" do but tiptoe away, or join one of the two opposing camps? Olympian and detached, Dr. Noack chose instead to add to his collection of insults and humiliations. He organized another congress, this time a "people's congress" in East Berlin, at which he recklessly vaunted the charms of western civilization — and was howled down. Now he is back teaching history at the University of Würzburg, ready, at the first invitation from the Berlin Communists, to wave his flag of universal concord.

Noack is interesting only as a symbol. Dr. Gerecke is made of more solid stuff. A high-class political pimp with innumerable acquaintances in all parties, he is a Gray Eminence out of a job. He is not such a fool as to act as an intermediary between East and West —at least for the time being—in spite of the curious little talk he had at Berlin's Hotel Adlon with that sinister character, Walter Ulbricht, the day the latter came back from Warsaw after having signed away to Poland the territories to the east of the Oder and the Neisse. As a result of the meeting he was expelled from the Christian Democratic Party. Actually, Dr. Gerecke's neutralism goes no further—it is far enough—than to attempt to "neutralize" Russia by assuring the Russians that Germany will never join an anti-Russian coalition.

Pastor Niemöller, a strange combination of anti-Nazi and blind nationalist, is working in the same direction —but a very marked Prussian arrogance gives him special distinction. He has often summed up his attitude in this parable: "In 1920, at the time of the Ruhr rioting, my Aunt Anna, who was living in a villa near Bochum, heard the sound of gunfire apparently originating in her own garden. She went out to investigate and discovered a Spartakist [Communist revolutionary] lying on the lawn and busily shooting into the street. Tapping him lightly with her cane, she said: 'Young man, if there must be shooting, it must not be in my garden.' The young man gathered his cartridges, picked himself up, and disappeared." A charming vignette, but one that would not illustrate the scene in Aunt Anna's garden were Russians and Americans ever to find themselves engaged in war.

This extraordinary mixture of defeatism and nationalism has found particularly strong support in Lower Saxony and in Schleswig-Holstein; it would seem that it flourishes best in

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Protestant and frontier regions. But it grows very well indeed wherever the Bonn Government's rhetoric about defending western Christian civilization is taken as nothing more than a cover for Bavarian and Rhineland clerical absolutism. The Catholics of the Federal Republic are readily suspected of feeling happier in a "little Germany," in scale with their own narrow interests, than in the "Great Germany" of the past. It is perhaps true that Bonn's reactionary Catholicism divides more than it unites the German people in the face of the Communist peril, but, that being said, one has to add that the church question is of importance only because it is superimposed on stronger, more operative, and primitive emotions. If neutralism exerts such an attraction, it is because neutralism means nonintervention. In this it answers to the will of millions of Germans whose one desire is precisely that nothing should happen at all—that the precarious should endure. What is strange is that the support given to neutralism by these millions of Germans remains implicit and secret. Neutralism has no open press support, no official propagandists, no mass congresses. It circulates in the secret of men's hearts, but you cannot measure it; that is why its strength is underestimated.

Yet neutralism has not crystallized into an effective political movement capable of imposing a consistent German policy. Why? For one thing, because you cannot raise simple inertia to the level of foreign policy without arousing inevitable anxiety. A very great many Germans feel that nonintervention is the first word of wisdom —but not the last. They want no fighting on German soil; they want nothing to happen; but they cannot escape feeling that something must happen, that something must be done. Germany's extreme vulnerability makes Germans feel as if they were looking down a precipice; if they make a move they may fall; yet they know that they cannot stand where they are, forever dizzily looking into the depths.

It is in these muddy waters that Chancellor Adenauer is attempting to navigate. To anyone who will listen to him, he repeats: "Germany must be able to defend itself alone and immediately." He shares general German opinion as to the congenital weakness of the other

democracies in the face of danger. But in every other way his conception of German security is inseparable from his own curious personality. In this sense he has a patent on his policy. If it responds to certain popular German aspirations, this is entirely coincidental. In his decisions, the chancellor has consulted no one but himself.

It has been said of Adenauer that he does not like soldiers. He has been reproached with not being able to distinguish between a German federal police force and a German military contingent within a European army. It is quite true that he is unable to see any difference between soldiers and police. For Adenauer, politics is an art at times complicated, but always based on one simple principle: "Order must be maintained"—within the nation and without. That is why all his instincts lead him to favor a militia capable of fulfilling this double function. If the Russians had not already set up their "People's Police" in the Eastern Zone, Adenauer would have invented the formula for the West.

Adenauer will use his policemen as a Praetorian Guard to quiet any unrest among German riffraff; he will send them out onto Aunt Anna's lawn should any foreigner come messing about with a gun.

Dr. Adenauer's obsession with his police has almost become a monomania. When he tries to get away from it, he gets lost at once in the complications of the interviews he gives—to which the only key is his conception of "order." Dr. Adenauer has sublimated the average German's obsession. The average German has been afraid that the frontiers would start moving about and might suddenly vanish altogether —because nothing within Germany ever seemed likely to move at all. And now the chancellor has reversed these two factors of motion and immobility: The frontiers are to stay where they are forever, because he has instituted "mobile" police brigades within the nation behind them. It remains to be seen whether such sleight of hand can have any relation whatever to the struggle that is going on today for world domination.

The danger is this: Unless Germany can reach a collective political maturity, Germany can never be a dependable ally. The verbal fictional world in which the chancellor lives may once more serve to distract the German people from the unpleasant realities before them. In this connection Berlin should serve as example: The battle for freedom was not fought in Berlin in a fog of uncertainty, but in the full light of unanimous political conscience. There were the Russians on one side, the free Germans on the other. No such clear situation exists in West Germany. The Allies authorized the Bonn Government in order to fill the void left in Europe by a chaotic Germany. The Bonn Government has failed signally to fill this void. The "area of depression" persists.

Once again the plain citizen has the impression that the engine of democracy is idling, turning no wheels, and that the leaders of democracy chatter endlessly behind the closed doors of a secret—and possibly empty—sanctuary.

—Alain Clément

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Truman: Merry-Go-Round and Man

"Americans," a Frenchman once remarked, "are always the first to welcome innovation—and the last to let go of it." This may explain why automobiles and magazine covers look so much alike, and why radio comedians copy each other's routines.

Writers and book publishers ought to be above all that. The trouble is that writers and publishers also have to eat; and whenever a publisher gets a writer into his cluttered cubicle, they manage somehow to convince each other that their common need happily coincides with the public's desire for more of the same.

A generation ago, two brash young newspapermen named Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen gazed at the Washington about them and were appalled. Herbert Hoover was President, the country was going bankrupt, and the relatively small capital press corps did not seem to be aware of it. Worse, there were things about Washington, the more or less permanent city, that needed to be turned over, like barnyard cobblestones, and exposed to sun and fresh air.

The millions of people who had been hurt were ready for a burning, and the enterprising firm of Pearson and Allen offered to apply the torch. Swiftly they swept through the sleeping camps of Chief Sitting Bull Market, touching flame to the flimsy tepees of Cabinet members, elder statesmen, Senators, Representatives, dowagers, sots, Supreme Court justices, ambassadors, lobbyists, press agents, professional Southerners, amateur economists, refugees, and writing folk—the whole vivid motley that circumstance had thrown together in a miasmic river swamp to form the capital of what has since become the most powerful nation in history.

The authors named the book *The Washington Merry-Go-Round.* It was wonderful, and it was new. What is perhaps more to the point, it was precisely the right weapon to train on a situation that was beyond constructive repair. A public that had some historic excuse for its brief orgy of sadism howled with joy and, given a practical alternative, went to the polls a year later and did something about it.

In September Allen and a new partner, William V. Shannon, produced *The Truman Merry-Go-Round.* It, too, makes racy reading. If it seems somehow less merrily innocuous than the earlier model, perhaps this is because the style of reporting has worn itself thin, and because the situation is not quite what it was in 1931. At least, if there is now a practical alternative, it is not as apparent to this writer as that of 1931 was in 1931.

It may be that, in times like the present, this sort of journalistic joy ride becomes almost automatically as expendable as, say, the champagne and bourbon swills the authors describe with such relish. There is internal evidence that they may have suspected this and, with an apprehensive eye to Korea, tried manfully to retool in mid-contract. They succeeded only in communicating to at least one reader something of their own self-consciousness.

Indeed, the reader who is genuinely concerned for his own and his neighbors' future virtually is invited to lay the book down at the end of the third chapter. For once the Messrs. Allen and Shannon have established their thesis that Harry S. Truman is "a man of mediocre mind, ordinary personality, little comprehension, and second-rate talents"; that he is counseled by a White House staff that is the "weakest in decades"; and that he presides over a Cabinet composed of "nine men in a stranded bus," it does not seem to matter how many parties Mrs. Gwendolyn Cafritz throws, or how long Tom Connally's silvery mane grows.

The government of the United States is a complex of complexities, most of which will inevitably survive Truman and nine out of ten Congressmen now sitting. Everything of conceivable interest to the average citizen-voter cannot be got between the covers of one book, except by means of oversimplified caricature that produces in its totality an out-of-focus distortion.

The trouble with iconoclasm has always been that it is invariably too simple. The simplest way to say that a man is not altogether noble is to say that he is ignoble. Thus, for the peashooter pundits, the untall become short, the unfat skinny, and the imperfect a compound of all human evil. The result is sometimes amusing; it is seldom informative. And it may be that, in assuming that Americans in their present mood would rather laugh than learn, both Vanguard and the team of Allen-Shannon miscalculated.

"Truman moves into the shadowy future," the authors conclude, "guided only by the flickering light of his poker-playing cronies. Like an executive operating a firm on its capital

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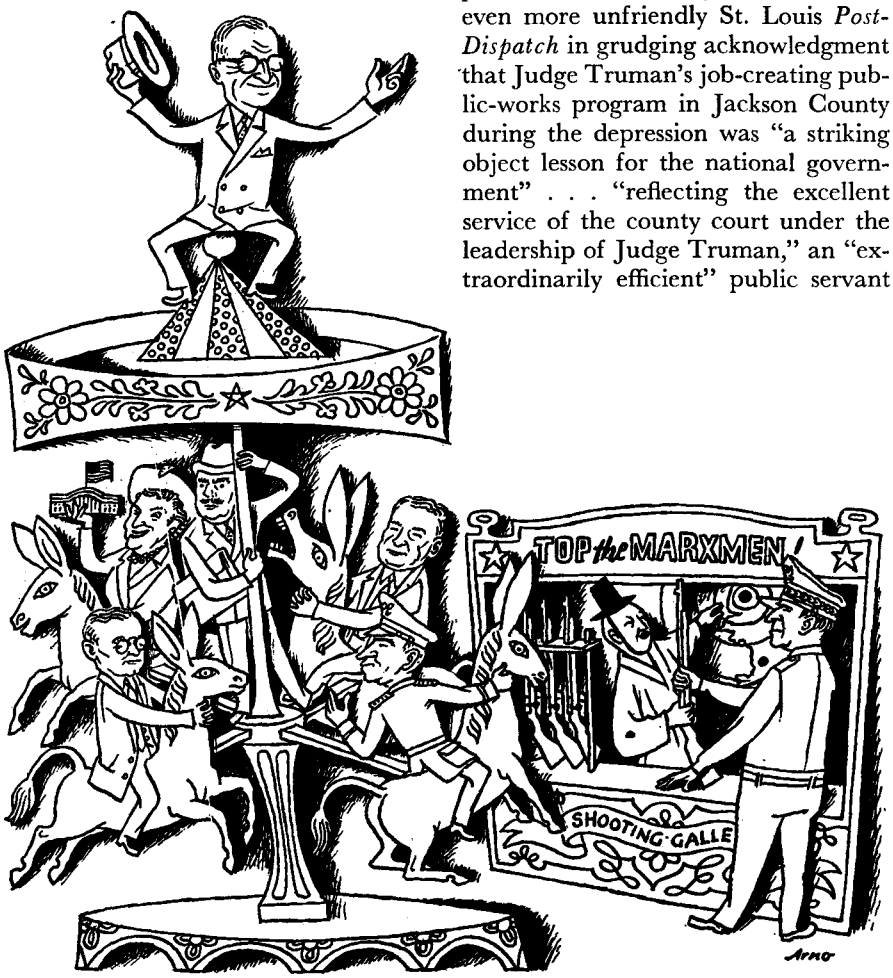
assets, [he] has financed his two administrations on the inherited intellectual capital of the New Deal. It is to be hoped that in the near future destiny does not stage a run on the bank."

Whereupon, having spread that innocent word which is always calculated to panic the old lady into the queue at the paying teller's window, the boys leave the stage to the serious biographers.

Fortunately, a pretty able one happened to be waiting in the wings. A few days after *Merry-Go-Round* hit the bookstalls, Jonathan Daniels produced *The Man of Independence,* a book of which the author says that "It is in no sense an authorized biography" but also that "The chief source must be set down as the President of the United States himself."

Daniels addresses himself at once to some of the myths that writers like Allen and Shannon feel obliged to create in order to fill the vacuums their iconoclastic approach invariably leaves.



To begin with, he examines Truman's forebears, for whom the stereotype has become "undistinguished." He discovers that the President combines as fine a mixture of planter and yeoman stock as ever migrated from the South to the Middle Border. Coincidentally, he traces a line of unusual political sophistication that runs straight and true from Jefferson through Jackson, Bryan, and Wilson to F.D.R.

Next he takes up the legend that Truman never succeeded at anything until he became chairman of the wartime Senate committee that bore his name. The truth is that Truman was a pretty smart farmer, a retail merchant who was licked by Andy Mellon's rather than by his own stupidity, a shrewd salesman, and an early oil speculator who, but for an accident, might have wound up a millionaire.

Then there is the myth, also given wider currency by Allen and Shannon, that County Judge Truman was a Pendergast stooge who did no credit to that modest Kansas City office. Daniels quotes the Kansas City *Times,* the Republican Kansas City *Star,* and the even more unfriendly St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in grudging acknowledgment that Judge Truman's job-creating public-works program in Jackson County during the depression was "a striking object lesson for the national government" . . . "reflecting the excellent service of the county court under the leadership of Judge Truman," an "extraordinarily efficient" public servant about whom there had never been a suspicion of graft.

The author summons an imposing array of evidence to dispose of the twin myths that the men who put Truman on the Roosevelt ticket in 1944 knew what they wanted and got it, and that poor F.D.R. didn't know what he wanted, and certainly didn't get it.

"Truman was nominated by men speculating beyond the death of Roosevelt who knew what they wanted but did not know what they were getting," Daniels wrote. He was not referring to Bob Hannegan and Ed Pauley, but to certain Democrats who later styled themselves Dixiecrats, and to Republicans like Roy Roberts of the Kansas City *Star* who did not believe Dewey could beat The Champ. Such men, also speculating beyond F.D.R., wanted "the man from Pendergast" on the winning ticket because they mistakenly believed that "good old Harry is one of us."

Roberts should have known better. Walter Chamblin, Jr., vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, did.

"So just an average citizen takes over the greatest office in the world," Chamblin told N.A.M.'s members, "and just an average citizen will demonstrate that he is capable of handling the job. This will . . . demonstrate again that the strength of the country lies not in the man who runs it but in the people themselves. . . . Those groups which feared government because of fear of one-man rule now have nothing to fear, unless they fear the will of a majority of the people speaking through the Congress and the Chief Executive."

Thus the "debunkers" are left rather thoroughly debunked. Fortunately for the rest of us, Daniels does not leave Harry S. Truman there; having shown what the President is not, his onetime adviser goes on to say what he thinks the President is.

"I wanted," Daniels says in a foreword, "to tell, in the concrete terms of a specific Ulysses, the Odyssey of the 'everyday' American through our times. Truman was that 'everyday man'; he remains his greatest symbol. His story is important at our mid-century though its meaning is as old as the Republic. The story actually began with Mr. Jefferson's instinctive under-

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standing of the aspirations of the average human being. The fulfillment of those aspirations by the ordinary—'the everyday man'—was never more important than now when it is seriously proposed as a 'revolutionary' doctrine that man attain some of his hopes only by the admission of his entire incapacity for freedom."

As the story unfolds, Truman becomes more and more the symbol of a faith:

" 'The Truman program' . . . is the renewed and native expression of the American's now firmly fixed faith that his government's function is to help him have the security and decency of which his country is capable. . . . This is not merely a 'Truman program.' It did not grow merely from the New Deal. . . . Its roots were strong in the American backcountry in such places as Kansas and Missouri before Roosevelt was out of Groton. . . . In a world beset by those who feel that hope must bypass freedom in order to find security, it has never been more important than now. . . . [It is] the traditional native protest against a political and economic system based upon stuffing the horses in order that the sparrows may eat."

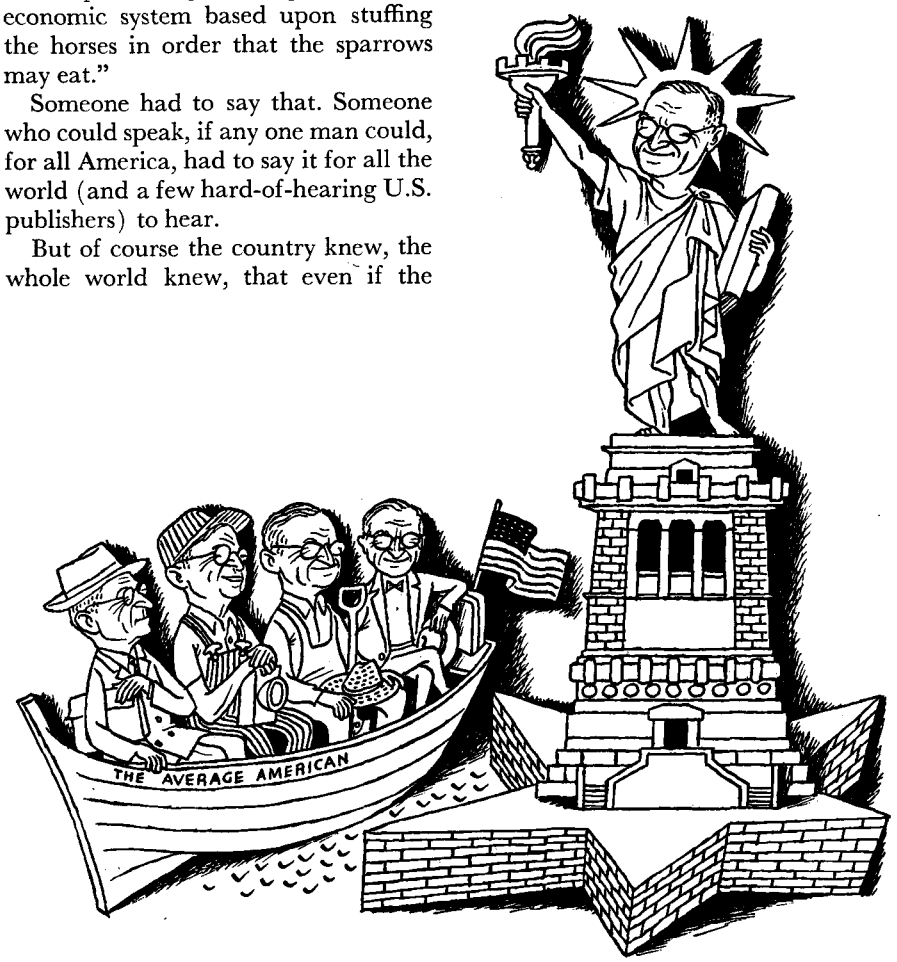
Someone had to say that. Someone who could speak, if any one man could, for all America, had to say it for all the world (and a few hard-of-hearing U.S. publishers) to hear.

But of course the country knew, the whole world knew, that even if the President of the United States said it, the people—the Congress, or just plain everybody—could buy it or not buy it; make it work, as they had made it work in 1776 and a hundred times since; or dismiss it as "Operation Rathole."

One comes to the end of this warm, simple chronicle with a curious mixture of quiet confidence and disappointment. Can it be said that the paramount question—Is Harry Truman the man to lead the nation through its present hour?—has been answered?

It can be said at least that the author has shown us the stages of unmistakable growth: a maturing under fire; a knack of bouncing from error to greater wisdom; the guts to make decisions which sometimes, at the moment of decision, seem to others unwise—and which only in retrospect are revealed as the right, the only choices.

If it can be fairly said that all of us toed the same mark of naive hopefulness in April, 1945, then it must be



THAT doesn't sound like too much of a problem, does it?

But suppose it was money you didn't really need. Suppose you had all the insurance you wanted and enough cash in the bank for emergencies. *Then* what would you do with the money?

Oh, you could take a trip or buy a car, all right. *Spending* it would be easy.

But maybe you wouldn't want to. Maybe you'd rather put that extra money to work. Put it where it had a good chance to grow. Where it might bring you a 5% or 6% return year after year.

If you'd like to do something like that with your money, we think you should consider investing in common stocks.

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But if you stick to sound stocks in sound companies, the chances are that over the years you'll find them selling at higher prices more often than lower ones.

Of course, if you've never invested before, there are lots of other things you may want to know about the risks and rewards in owning common stocks.

That's why we prepared a pamphlet that answers many of the most common questions about our business. It explains just what stocks and bonds are, and the difference between them. It tells you what stocks are worth, just how they're traded, and why prices change. It describes what a Stock Exchange is and just what it does. There's a separate section on how to buy and sell securities, on how to open an account, what services to expect from your broker, and what commissions you pay.

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said too that Harry Truman and his fellow "average" Americans have moved forward with the times.

And that is important; for it brings us closer to an understanding of the proper role of a President. He must have at the heads of all the key departments trained and competent men. Given such department heads, the chairman of the board can afford to be the catalyst-synthesist who at the proper moment brings stirring life to the stable solution of indecision and timidity. For him the indispensable traits are character and the capacity to take risks.

Measured by that yardstick—the decision to let Acheson be his own Secretary of State, the several Marshall appointments, the Korean decision—Harry S. Truman does not seem so wanting, even to Allen and Shannon (though they might have made this admission less grudging).

But there remains the question—Daniels's question—of how all this affects the rest of us. It is perhaps only after one has thought about it for a very long time that he can come to a realization of the depth and width—and also of the hopeful implications—of what is in fact the "average" citizen's dilemma. Daniels's failure to come up with an "answer" the voter can paste in his hat and forget is disturbing precisely because the answer he does leave with us is so painfully obvious. For, however much we may be flattered, we are not necessarily reassured by being told that our greatness lies in ourselves. To a nation of spectator-sportsmen that has been too long diapered by a sort of "papa-fix" complex, the call to duty sounds suspiciously like a summons to hard work.

And so it does—and is. Not just the few seconds in the booth at election time, either. Rather, endless man-hours of serious, selective reading, followed by thinking and discussion; meetings and rallies, and the sort of organizational detail that has made the League of Women Voters a respected exception to the average-citizen norm.

In short, all those very obvious little steps that have been outlined so often, and that have invariably brought groans of dismay from those who had rather make history vicariously and get the playback on television.

—Llewellyn White

Motes and Beams At Lucknow

The author, Harold R. Isaacs, has, in his writings on the Far East, shown himself a staunch friend of Asian nationalism and a sharp critic of U.S. Asian policy. In The Reporter *of April 11, 1950, he delivered a strong attack on a previous* Reporter *article favoring U.S. support of the Bao Dai régime in Indo-China. Mr. Isaacs's general stand on Asian questions makes the following comments particularly interesting.*—The Editors

In South Asia, the United States is widely regarded with mistrust, suspicion, and hostility. In the face of indifference or disbelief in this country, it has not been easy for this fact to get the currency it deserves. We Americans have been too convinced of our own rectitude to be able to absorb or understand the fact of South Asian hostility. It is too simple for many of us to write it all off as Communist propaganda, too difficult to grasp that these feelings are held by Asians who are just as opposed to Communist totalitarianism as we are.

American Asian policy has often been made without taking these feelings into account, without realizing what it is that makes almost every American act suspect in South Asian eyes. Especially in recent months, when Americans have enjoyed the exhilaration of feeling morally right in their actions in Korea, South Asian hesitation, criticism, and uncertainty have seemed not only ill-conceived but downright aggravating.

This matter of mutual attitudes apparently dominated the proceedings of the international conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held at Lucknow, India, October 3 to 14. The American, British, and Canadian delegates were given a full dose of South Asian feeling. Many of the Westerners who had always thought themselves friendly to Asian ideas and aspirations found themselves forced into "shocked rebuttal" of charges and criticisms that came mainly from Indian and Pakistani delegates at the conference.

According to a conference summary, these Asian speakers cited, among other things, western racial attitudes, subordination of Asian to European interests, survival of western colonialism in Africa and Asia, and western affinities for conservatism. The United States, in particular, was charged with seeking Asian bases and allies to fight Russia; acting, as in Korea, only where its strategic interests were involved; seeking to dominate other peoples; attaching politico-strategic strings to its offers of economic aid.

Indian and Pakistani speakers detailed these and other charges with vehement passion. They showed plainly enough that the anti-western and anti-American feeling among non-Communist South Asian intellectuals is stronger than ever.

It is not necessary to go into the merits or demerits of the separate charges to emphasize that the basis of this feeling is a real one. It has to be said again and again that we ignore it at our peril. It has its roots in all the burdens that Asians inherited from western empire, in the legacies of economic backwardness, political suppression, and enforced racial and social inferiority, in all the smothering disabilities with which the retreating West endowed the tardily emergent nations of Asia. It has to do also with the American failure in recent years to catch on to what was happening in Asia and to govern its actions in world affairs accordingly.

The charges that rise out of this feeling are nourished by much that is true and much that is dangerous for the future of Asian-American relations. They warrant, and have long warranted, the most serious kind of American self-examination. They call for a

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difficult, honest, decently humble attempt on our part to understand the Asian outlook.

But the Lucknow discussions also turned up examples of something else likewise requiring examination and understanding, not only by us but by Asians. Some of the polemically excessive things that were said there opened the door a little on the psychological half-world in which certain Asian intellectuals are beginning to live. When Indians and Pakistanis reach the point of charging that "the United States places no value upon Asiatic life," it is obviously time to begin sorting out motes and beams.

This charge was made in connection with the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japan five years ago and the more recent American bombing of Korean cities. There is on both scores a great deal to be said. All war kills needlessly. The issue is not the extent or the mode of the killing, but the issue of war itself. In any conflict, as Indians and Pakistanis well know, the foe's life is held cheaply. In the western world in our time, the genocidal mania of a Hitler, the deliberate engineering of mass starvation and liquidations by a Stalin, the greater destructiveness of war exemplified by the atomic bomb are, indeed, terrifying evidences of the crisis in modern western society.

But it is no less true that in Asia whole cultures and social systems have been built upon a fundamental disregard for the dignity of human life, not merely in times of conflict but in the terms of normal existence. When crisis has come to tear these cultures apart, the carnage, as every Hindu and Moslem in India and Pakistan knows, has been fearful beyond imagining. It would be hard to say which weighs heavier on the human spirit, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima or the fratricidal holocaust attending the partition of India. At any rate, an intellectual of the Indian subcontinent who today is ready to pass this kind of moral judgment on the attitude of others toward human life is obviously a man who has a profound need to shut his own weaknesses from his mind and memory.

This may have been the most extreme expression of its kind at Lucknow. There were other examples in the discussions on Korea, on Russia, on the issues of the great-power struggle. It was along the tangents and in the asides, however, that it was possible—even in bare summary reports received in this country—to see how far some South Asian intellectuals have gone in this business of shucking off their own responsibilities by jabbing blindly away at the American colossus.

Some of the Indian and Pakistani speakers at Lucknow seemed to base their arguments on a rather crudely designed double standard of national morality, under which the United States could not be granted the right to serve its self-interest while the South Asians retained this right in its most unlimited form. The need, of course, is to find common ground for the self-interest of both.

It is also true enough that the burden of probity and devotion to human welfare in this situation lies heavily upon the United States. Asians still carry sorely upon them the injuries and scars of their past relations with the West. They have good reasons for their resentments and fears. But they begin to carry them to a dangerous extreme when they begin to feel that outside forces alone are responsible for the slings and arrows under which they now groan.

There was, for example, much angry recrimination at Lucknow over the paucity and inadequacy of American economic aid to Asian nations. In scope, conception, and boldness, American aid in Asia has indeed fallen far short of the needs of the time. But one Indian spokesman complained of it, according to a special *Reporter* dispatch, in the following terms: "The United States had better give aid to India or lose this country to Communism [since] if conditions did not ease up there would be an agrarian uprising on the Chinese pattern."

Apart from its crudity in other respects, this argument is disingenuous enough to suggest that American dollar aid could forestall an agrarian upheaval in India, when what is really needed, obviously, is a bold and dynamic Indian attack on agrarian inequities.

Another Indian insisted that America "must prove itself" by "being always on the side of progress and social justice." This is unchallengeable. But it is no less true that the nationalist leaderships of Asia have also to begin paying more than lip service to "progress and social justice." Their virtue in this regard is by no means guaranteed simply because they recently emancipated themselves from imperialism. The evidence is that they have been something less than effective in coming to grips with the basic problems of their peoples, have tended to preserve obsolete and reactionary social relations, and in several notable cases have allowed the conquest of political power to degenerate into an obscene squabble among politicians corruptly seeking spoils.

A great deal was also heard about "strings" attached to American aid. The South Asians have ample reason to mistrust foreign money. They need help but they are fearful of it. They want it and they do not want it. They mortally hate the idea of having to seek it. They do not want to pay for it by surrendering any part of their new-won sovereignty or by becoming involved in the power struggle. From their own point of view, they are quite right in rejecting any strings of this kind. But there are other "strings" to which many Asians are just as hostile.

The Asians are justified in not wanting foreign aid that will simply, in the old manner, benefit foreign investors. But neither is there any virtue in aid that will benefit nobody but the handful of Asian wealthy or some band of venal politicians. Aid cannot consist of chunks of money dropped into the nearest outstretched hand. It has to be tied up, with "strings" if you will, to the most explicit kind of reform programs that will assure the accomplishment of the desired results. The world's resources have to be husbanded, not wasted. They have to be used to build a new international economic system, not a bristling nest of new little national economic units. That is why aid of this kind has to be international, both in conception and control. The real test of American good faith in this matter will be a readiness to work along these lines. The real test of South Asian good faith will be the acceptance of aid on these terms.

There is, of course, a great deal to discolor and distort the Asian intellectual's view of the world, quite in addition to the general state of confusion in which intellectuals of all countries now dwell. Out of his generations of en-

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forced inferiority, the Asian intellectual has swung over to an assertion of superiority. The same kind of Asian who only a generation or so ago was ready to dump his whole Asian past and slavishly follow western modes today sees the anarchy of the West and is driven to look in upon his own society and back into his own history for other foundations.

For some this is the beginning of a healthy re-examination of cultural values. For others it is the basis of a new and absurd isolationism. But for too many, it is too often a device for ignoring or cloaking the indignity of the life imposed upon the great mass of people. It is a little late in the day to take seriously the view of Asian life as seen from the temple gardens or libraries, or in the literature or memories of ages long past. The great mass of people excluded from that view in all those centuries are now too insistent upon getting into the picture.

In nationalism's attack on its single, palpable target of the foreign ruler, social problems could be ignored. The winning of independence could satisfy the intellectual's passionate desire to regain self-respect. It could partially meet the businessman's desire to overcome privileged foreign competition. But it provided no magic formula for wrenching the country out of its backwardness or of satisfying the demands of the peasants and city poor. Liberty was for the intellectual a glowing dream in silken raiment. It appears before him now in the person of a gaunt and ragged peasant demanding a better lot, in overwhelming problems, political tensions, and tasks which the nationalist leaderships are too often unwilling or unable to face.

The fearful size of the problem has driven many Asian intellectuals to surrender to the illusions of Communist totalitarianism, the belief that greater freedom lies through greater enslavement. It leads others to retreat into a petulant kind of despair, to take comfort in illusions about themselves, and to appease their frustration by flailing at foreign scapegoats. In neither case is the cause of dynamic, democratic nationalism well served. It remains true that Americans have a long way to go to come to grips with Asian realities. But so do a great many Asian intellectuals.

—Harold R. Isaacs

Front and Center:

Bitter Sex

Since the end of the war, the best movies in the world have unquestionably come from Italy. No other nation can even begin to match that marvelous group of films that includes *Open City, Shoeshine, To Live in Peace, Paisan, The Bicycle Thief.* The mere listing of the names brings to mind matchless power, honesty, and artistry. Each of these pictures was *about* something; each used the camera to record and dramatize moments of history—critical points in the conjunction of politics and people, the tragedies of ordinary people caught in the trap of their time and place. These movies combined exactness of observation with acuteness of insight and great depth of feeling. They were remarkable because they fused emotions to social facts; they were basically impassioned, made with intensity of purpose and absolute conviction.

The latest Italian picture to reach these shores is *Bitter Rice.* It starts as though it will add another jewel to the diadem; it promises to say something meaningful—this time about the frustrated women who work in the rice fields near Turin each summer. Behind the credit titles are some magnificent mass panoramas, shots that strike an opening theme of size and nobility. The picture then opens with a mass movement of women to a railway station—shopgirls, stenographers, housewives. Then a cops-and-robbers story intrudes, employing the familiar devices of the gangster film—the pair of detectives, the mysterious fugitive, the stolen jewels, the chase through a crowd, the fugitive evading his pursuers by swinging into a jitterbug dance with one of the girls who are about to depart for the rice paddies.

The whole film falls to pieces because it tries for significance with one hand while exploiting sensationalism with the other. The closing shots are Eisensteinian in scale and symbolism; they would be quite moving were not the substance of the film already irretrievably corrupted.

The most important thing about this movie is that it is a caricature, and as a caricature it unwittingly illustrates the magnitude of the impact that American movies are having upon the creative talents of Europe. *Bitter Rice* is just about the clearest example of phony film making to come out of Europe; it represents the deliberate adoption by Italians of the tricks of American melodrama and the techniques of sexy French films.

The opening shot of Silvana Mangano, a superb actress and a ravishing female, shows her chewing gum and performing a provocative dance, obviously modeled on Rita Hayworth's historic strip-tease-with-gloves in *Gilda.* Now I confess that Miss Mangano is the most alluring creature it has been my privilege to ogle in many a moon. But note what is involved: A fine Italian actress is photographed for maximum sexiness, with the mammary emphasis today regarded as box-office bait, chewing gum and swinging her hips, surrounded by a crowd of Italian workers who clap their hands in rhythm like so many hepcats at a jitterbug contest at Hollywood High.

This scene, made in Italy by Italian writers and directors, filmed in an Italian locale, gives one a sense of disorientation; it struck me later that I had witnessed a particularly vivid demonstration of what can only be called the jitterbuggization of Europe. It is not often that one sees the invasion of one culture by another so sharply; in this case, Italians have accepted the vulgarized image of American sexual mores.

A Frenchman once predicted ruefully that American films would end in a cultural colonization of the world. One can only hope that *Bitter Rice* is not the beginning of a trend; that would be a deplorable appendix to the brilliant Italian pictures that have so deeply impressed us. —Leo Rosten

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'Take a Break'

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"This is the first time I ever liked listening to Crosby!"

says HOPE

HOPE:
For years, I've always stuck cotton in my ears whenever the Old Groaner opened his mouth. But now he's got something that sounds good. Really good. Let's hear it, kid.

CROSBY:
Thank you Mr. Hope. You are kind, very kind. Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't a song. It's just a suggestion. This year, let's *all* give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents. Tell 'em about those bonds, Chisel Nose.

HOPE:
Gladly. It's all very simple—even Crosby understands how they work. In just ten years, they pay $4 for every $3 they cost. And they're appropriate for *everybody* on your Christmas list—young people, middle-aged people, and people as old as Crosby. Am I right, Bing?

CROSBY:
For once in his life the old Scene-Stealer *is* right. But seriously, folks, nothing makes a more welcome, more sensible present than U. S. Savings Bonds. And you can buy 'em in any bank or post office. So—

HOPE:
So why not give the very finest gift in America—U. S. Savings Bonds!

Give the finest gift of all... U.S. Savings Bonds

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